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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament.

IT was still "merry in hall" in the House of Commons on *Friday* week. At the morning sitting Mr. GLADSTONE moved for annexing Saturday, and the whole question of this tyranny and of the indecent haste which the Government is showing was fought out. The Opposition leaders had, of course, no difficulty in pointing out that, in so far as there is any necessity for this "chivying" of Parliament at all, it arises wholly and solely from the fact that the Government, not content with one measure of the very first magnitude, chose to introduce half a dozen others only second to it, and yet hurried on No. 1 as if there were nothing else to attend to. In the three divisions which diversified the argument, the Ministerial majorities dropped to 21, 22, and 27 respectively, the lowest yet recorded. So that, if in the first of them eleven members had changed their lobby, this great and victorious Government would have been left in a minority. After this lively morning (in the course of which Mr. JAMES LOWTHER took occasion to administer some plain and well-deserved language to the Parliamentary novices on the other side) the evening sitting, by an odd coincidence, was also devoted to the business of the House on a motion of Mr. HOBHOUSE'S. But the proceedings now were quite edifying, quite decorous, and, we fear we must say, a little dull. The Upper House also had an edifying evening, discussing the state of the navy, on Lord BRASSEY'S invitation, in the grave and chaste manner. The *Daily News* of next morning contained the following remarkable description of "how the Opposition intend to fight the Home Rule Bill. They will fight it through the Estimates. They will fight it through every formal motion to allow to the Government the command of another day. They will fight it on going into Committee of Supply, and they will fight it in Committee of Supply. While they are talking about totally different subjects they will be fighting Home Rule all the same. A debate on the 'boilers of war-steamers or the buttons on soldiers' coats may be started and kept up in order to stave off the second reading of the Home Rule Bill." This seems to us an absolutely admirable description of the duty of a patriot M.P. when a measure ruinous to his

country is on. Let every Unionist member learn it by heart and carry it out to the letter.

The *Saturday* sitting, so much fought for, began rather stormily. Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN was, as Lord GEORGE HAMILTON put it (and, despite the uproar of the Gladstonians, maintained it unrebuked by the SPEAKER), "unable to deny the allegation" that the Army Estimates were being forced on in an unprecedented manner, and question-time was explosive. Somebody, however, would seem to have suggested to Mr. GLADSTONE that his frantic haste, considered in the light of the figures of the night before, could do no good, and might result in an actual disaster. Accordingly, when Mr. LOCKWOOD had elicited information of the case of Dr. BRIGGS (which seems to be at last happily settled); Mr. CAMERON CORBETT on that of the Cameron Highlanders, and others on other points, Mr. BALFOUR succeeded in obtaining from the PRIME MINISTER an assurance, not too graciously worded, that if Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN were permitted to make the Army statement, no attempt would be made to force votes. Accordingly all was comparative peace; the statement was made to empty half-holiday benches, but safely enough; and the House was let go about dinner-time.

The House of Lords read some Bills a third time on *Monday*. In the Commons a welcome announcement rewarded the entirely legitimate steadiness of the Opposition in resisting the heetering conduct of the Government. Mr. GLADSTONE was in bed with a touch of influenza. At question-time Mr. JAMES LOWTHER made the mistake of calling a person who is as much an Englishman by place of birth, education, language, &c., as himself, "Herr" SCHLOSS, and many members received information about patent medicines, revolvers, and other instruments of death, and about the enforced extraction of postmen's teeth—just as if they were Jews, and Her Gracious MAJESTY were an early and unmixed PLANTAGENET. Then Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT rose to make a statement about business. It was of the most reasonable description, the Government in effect acknowledging that their headlong haste was the worst kind of speed, and consenting to postpone the second reading of the Home Rule Bill till after Easter. Mr. HANBURY having brought to the notice of the Chair an equally foolish and ill-bred letter from

Mr. CONYBEARE to a Separatist journal, the SPEAKER brushed Mr. CONYBEARE himself aside with unruffled calmness, but took occasion to lay down the unquestionably sound rule that he himself is the sole judge when the Closure may and when it may not be moved. Then the House went into Committee of Supply, and discussed the Civil Service Estimates, and especially the subject of the Evicted Tenants' Commission. This was regularly raised and well fought out, the item being carried only by 37, an improvement on those last week's majorities of a score, or thereabout, which had probably brought the Government to their senses; but small enough. The vote was opposed with great force by Mr. T. W. RUSSELL, who had sharp brushes with divers members, Irish and other; elaborately, but lamely, defended by Mr. MORLEY and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. Mr. BALFOUR poured very precious balm on Mr. MORLEY'S head, expressing his sincere sympathy with the CHIEF SECRETARY, who had to defend the indefensible—to wit, the Commission—and recommend the impossible—to wit, its proposals. Mr. CARSON replied to Sir CHARLES RUSSELL in another of the sure-aimed and slashing speeches which the House now expects whenever this very able debater rises.

It cannot be all rapture in Parliament any more than elsewhere, and *Tuesday* saw a relapse into dulness. The Lords talked meritoriously about education. The Commons prepared themselves for counting out Mr. BROOKFIELD and his motion on hops, twenty minutes after they met in the evening, by a virtuous but not exciting morning sitting on the Supplementary Estimates. Questions were, of course, asked, Mr. WEIR, a new Gladstonian member, who is becoming a terror to his friends, distinguishing himself particularly; and then the coinage, stationery, the new scheme of paying the Law Officers, and other things came on. One of the few flashes of amusement, and that not a very bright one, was provided by Mr. CONYBEARE, who explained his recent proceedings (he had been absent the day before) by the fact that he had "written the letter in a train and did not know whether it would be published." The doubt conveys a compliment (unfortunately undeserved) to the editor of the newspaper in question; but still, when a man writes a letter to a newspaper, he is generally at least prepared for its possible appearance. But Mr. CONYBEARE is not as other men; or, to put the matter in a more cheerful way for the human race, other men are not as Mr. CONYBEARE.

Wednesday was given up to the Welsh Local Veto Bill, which may be said to be a sort of bastard cross between the Government general Bill on the subject and the Maine Liquor Law. The Welsh screw had been put on Ministers, who avowedly did not much like the Bill; and the Nationalists attended to do the good turn which deserves another. Yet an amendment of not the strongest kind (being based on the compensation point) was only rejected by 35, several members voting for the second reading with expressed critical, if not positively hostile, intentions later. The debate was uninteresting.

On *Thursday* the House of Lords did a good deal of miscellaneous business, the chief single item being the second reading of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY'S Church Patronage Bill. A great deal of fuss is made about this question; but it may be questioned whether the very best solution would not be the permission of perfectly free sale on the one hand, checked on the other by an absolute and unconditional veto of the Bishop against an unfit presentee. In the earlier part of the sitting of the House of Commons Mr. BRYCE was well hauled over the coals for his recent high-handed conduct in upsetting the practice of many years in order to force Separatists and Non-conformists on the Lancastrian Bench. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT made half a statement and half an

appeal on the progress of business, and a sort of "understanding" having been arrived at, the House went into Supply, and, after the usual discussion, the Navy money votes were got for men. The vote for men in the Army was then taken; but here one of the usual unprofitable wranglings as to the exact meaning of "understandings" broke out, and the vote was not passed. Report of Supply ushered the House once more into the gulfs of bimetallism, from which it passed to those of sleep.

Politics out of Parliament. Yesterday week the great deputation from Ireland, representing almost the entire commercial and financial interest of Leinster, Munster, and, as far as Connaught deals with such things, Connaught also—the deputation which, though sent by the Bank of Ireland, the great railway and steamship Companies, the heads of the firms who have made all the trade of Ireland out of Ulster, had had Mr. GLADSTONE'S door slammed in its face—was introduced to the Tory and Liberal leaders. Its members were addressed by Lord SALISBURY, Mr. BALFOUR, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and Mr. GOSCHEN in the one case; by the Duke of DEVONSHIRE, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and Sir HENRY JAMES in the other. The PRIME MINISTER'S discourtesy or confession naturally formed the text for many remarks, and the deputation was warmly welcomed, urged to use its best endeavours, and promised support against the Bill. On the other hand, it is fair to say that at the National Liberal Federation Dr. SPENCE WATSON, Dr. CLIFFORD, and Mr. THEOPHILUS BENNETT expressed a general opinion that the Home Rule Bill was almost too dazzling bright for mortal eye in its wisdom and goodness.

At the end of last week Mr. GLADSTONE continued the silly deaf-adder policy which Mr. MORLEY'S petulance or want of resource began in reference to deputations to the VICEROY, and which his own adopted in reference to the great commercial deputation just referred to. The subjects of the new rebuff were the Corporation of Belfast. Perhaps no better indication could be given of the Government temper than this kind of "don't-talk-to-me" childishness. A petition (charging almost every electoral offence) had been lodged, and the seat claimed, by the defeated Tory candidate for Pontefract.

Mr. GLADSTONE'S indisposition and the retreat of the Government were the chief topics of the early days of this week, both in and out of Parliament. But the opposition to the Welsh Suspensory Bill and the Local Veto Bill was being vigorously organized, as well as that to the Disruption Bill itself. The organization of meetings and other instruments of agitation, though somewhat long delayed, has at last been taken up in a most satisfactory manner, and everywhere throughout England efforts are being made to secure that attention to the Bill which, once given by any rational being not besotted by Gladstonitis, must convince him of its mischievous madness.

Lord SALISBURY succeeded Mr. GLADSTONE in the clutches of influenza and the sympathy of the public on *Thursday*, when the PRIME MINISTER was reported much better. The result of the Banffshire election in the room of Mr. DUFF was chequered black and white. Sir WILLIAM WEDDERBURN, the Gladstonian candidate, got in; but, instead of obtaining an increased majority, as his partisans had expected, the Gladstonian advantage, which had been in round numbers 1,800 in 1885, 1,200 in 1886, and 900 last year, sank another hundred on a larger poll than in any instance except the first. Mr. GRANT, the Unionist candidate, had also made a much better impression for political knowledge, intelligence, and address than his opponent, and we believe wicked men have comforted themselves by saying "Banffshire is certainly true to the cause of Progress. She lost a DUFF, and she has replaced him with a Duffer."

Ireland. The two most important demonstrations against the Home Rule Bill in Ireland during the earlier part of the week were a great meeting in Dublin on Tuesday, attended by all the chief members, both clerical and lay, of the Church of Ireland, and a very weightily signed Roman Catholic petition to Parliament, protesting against the notion that members of that community, as such, approve of Home Rule.—A still larger and more general one succeeded on Wednesday, in which persons of all ranks and religions shared. The Nationalists appear to have endeavoured to annoy by burning cayenne pepper; but it is not the *jactus* of that sort of *pulvis* that will settle this dispute.—On Thursday a new Ulster Defence Association was formed, to include all the Loyalists of the province. We wish it success and business.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. In the reports of the Panama trials published this day week, a singular series of counterchecks quarrelsome, between M. FLOQUET and M. CHARLES DE LESSEPS, were included. The German Reichstag, pursuing its policy of objection to increased military expenditure, rejected divers sections of the Army Bill—a course which, considering the known temper and avowed theories of the EMPEROR, excites considerable curiosity.

More and more startling novelties turned up subsequently in the Panama matter. An imputation was made by Mme. COTTU, wife of the imprisoned director, against M. BOURGEOIS, the Minister of Justice, to the effect that he had, by an agent, fished with her for accusations against the Right, the bait being her husband's liberty. M. BOURGEOIS denied but resigned, and the Paris Correspondent of the *Times*, driven to despair, remarked that the tide was mounting higher, and would most probably fasten its teeth on M. RIBOT soon. A farewell dinner had been given to Lord ROBERTS in Calcutta; the Newfoundland Legislature, which really seems to need a little treatment *à la CROMWELL*, had been giving fresh trouble in reference to the fishery question; and a dissolution of the Reichstag was looked forward to in Germany as a consequence of its action in regard to the Army Bill.

The COTTU incident continued to engage attention on Tuesday morning, and it certainly appeared that, whether M. BOURGEOIS's personal disclaimer was valid or not, some understrappers had gone very far in the direction of compromising him or his colleagues. In the Chamber the Government secured a majority, but the discredit of authority was scarcely removed. Russia had protested against changes in the Bulgarian Constitution, "not as a Treaty Power, but as the 'creator of Bulgaria,'" which is probably the first time that a robber under arms who has taken something from its owner, and has been forced to disgorge his booty, has called himself that booty's "creator." President CLEVELAND had expressed himself in favour of a thorough inquiry into the Hawaiian question before action.

News came on Wednesday morning of a sharp brush beyond Gilgit with tribesmen, in which, unluckily, Major DANIELL, of the 1st Punjab Infantry, a very good officer, was killed. There was some dissatisfaction in Canada over the Franco-Canadian Treaty. More details of Panama squabbles came from France, telling how M. MILLEVOYE had been docked of his pay—a dignified method of keeping order which Mr. LABOUCHERE, no doubt, would like to introduce here—how M. DÉROULÈDE had like to have been expelled, how the President of the Chamber was like to resign because he was not expelled, how the MINISTER of FINANCE had rushed forth and shaken his fist, but thought better of it, and so forth. There was more about the Swedish-Norwegian imbroglio, and in Sweden itself a "Popular Diet" had assembled, which seems to be a carrying

out on the great scale of something like the "Legislatorial Attorney" folly which came on some parts of England before the first Reform Bill.

It was announced on Thursday morning that M. BOURGEOIS had coyly consented to return, that a Commission was to be sent by the United States to Hawaii to inquire, that there was no prospect of an agreement between Government and Opposition in Germany on the Army Bill, and that heavy sentences had been passed at Melbourne on the officials of the Anglo-Australian Bank.

News followed yesterday that the AMEER's letters to the VICEROY (concerning which alarmist rumours had been spread) were perfectly friendly. It was still Panama in France and Army Bill in Germany; but the whole news of the morning was of second-rate interest.

The Law Courts. The HOWARD DE WALDEN divorce case was brought to an end this day week by the action of the jury, with the approval of the President—a repetition of the DRUMMOND procedure. Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN was adjudged to have committed cruelty, and his wife not to have committed adultery, a separation thus resulting. Attention has been called to the shameless perjury which must have been committed in this case, and no wonder. We have more than once pointed out that the swearing at large which characterizes this Court is a crying and a growing evil. It is all very well to laugh at lovers' perjuries; but that indulgence will hardly cover the actions of the hired scoundrels who form too large a part of the witnesses in such cases.—WELLS, of Monte Carlo fame, was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude on Tuesday, for defrauding Miss PHILLIMORE and others of large sums of money. The thing was, in fact, a sort of confidence trick on a gigantic scale, and the confidence trick, we know, is sure to succeed.—The first case under the new Clergy Discipline Act was completed on Wednesday by the deprivation of an accused clerk in the diocese of Rochester; a matter to be in itself regretted, but carried out, it is said, with a vast improvement in speed, cost, and otherwise on the former procedure.

Meetings, &c. Professor JEBB delivered last Saturday an interesting and sanguine lecture on the Study of Greek at the Mansion House.—A well-attended meeting was held at Kensington Town Hall to protest against the new scheme for saddling St. Paul's School with a sort of Local Upper Board-School department.—On Tuesday a great meeting of persons interested in the liquor trade was held in St. James's Hall to protest against the Local Veto Bill. Lord BURTON, once Mr. GLADSTONE's most enthusiastic admirer, was the most vehement speaker against the Bill, and everybody was harmonious.—Another meeting, of members of Trinity College, Cambridge, was held on the same day in support of the College Mission at Camberwell.—On Wednesday the PRINCE OF WALES spoke at the Blind Pension Society dinner.—A meeting of Nonconformists was held at the Mansion House to "consider the spiritual needs of London from 'the Nonconformist point of view.'" The Reverend Doctor JOSEPH PARKER and other distinguished persons appeared to think that these spiritual needs could be best met by cursing the Church of England. But we must admit that others—especially Mr. HORTON, whom we have not always had to mention *honoris causa*—protested against this line.—Considerable interest was felt in the delivery of the Croonian lecture before the Royal Society on Thursday by Professor VIRCHOW, "of European reputation" as savant and politician alike. A dinner was given to him in the evening.

Correspondence. An interesting correspondence has gone on this week between Lord TEYNHAM and "A Colonel" retired from war's alarms, whose amiable

business it is to provide members of the British aristocracy with wives in the shape of moneyed female *rastaquouères* from distant lands. Lord TEYNHAM, we regret to say, is not grateful for the Colonel's kind offers; but the Colonel regards himself as one of the noblest of men, and expresses that opinion in some of the oddest of English. To them "H. T. P.," who points out to the Colonel that the law of England does not agree with him, but regards marriage-brokerage contracts as null and void.—Mr. STANLEY wrote at some length on Thursday, but with a certain absence of directness, charging one of three Powers—England, Germany, and Portugal—with the importation of arms which has made the recent fighting on the Congo possible. There may be something in this; but we should have thought more blame was due to the Free State itself for sending the best part of its *gendarmérie* to woolgather and filibuster in or near the English sphere, instead of doing its proper police duty.

Labour. It was announced on Tuesday morning that a five per cent. reduction had been agreed to by the Durham miners, and hopes were entertained that the cotton dispute also would be adjusted.

Sport. An enormous and overgrown spot-barred billiard match between ROBERTS and PEALL, in which the former gave 9,000 in 24,000, ended on Saturday in the victory of ROBERTS by 635. On that day Mr. HEGINBOTTOM, of Oxford, beat Mr. HIRSCH, of Cambridge, with the cue.—The Welsh Rugby football team, which had already beaten England and Scotland, vanquished Ireland on Saturday. But Association rules appear to be less suited to the Principality, for at that game the Welsh team was beaten by England on Monday by six goals to love.—The work of both crews for the University Boat Race has gone on well during the week, and the Cambridge men in particular have made considerable improvement.

Books. An addition to the Globe Series (MACMILLAN) this week supplies what has been long wanted, a handy one-volume edition of BOSWELL'S *Johnson*, printed in type that human eyes can read, and supplied with carefully sifted variorum annotation. Mr. MOWBRAY MORRIS has been the means to do this good deed.

THE INJURED INNOCENTS.

THE very sensible, if somewhat tardy, retirement of the Government on Monday from their impossible attempt to force on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill before Easter was preceded by signs and tokens among their followers. The utter want of friendly feeling on the part of the Opposition appears to have caused at the very beginning of the present week a state of feeling in the partisans of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, which resembled that of The MULLIGAN on a famous occasion. They were not so much angry as sad. The ducks had entirely declined to come and be killed; and a minority, numbering eight-sevenths of the House of Commons, and including a large majority, on Home Rule principles, from that not unimportant district called the Kingdom of England, had manifested an uncomfortable sense of arithmetic and of the laws of the House of Commons. Ministers (we take Ministerial words for it) had "trusted to the good sense and good feeling" of the Unionist leaders. Alas! this good sense and good feeling had left them mourning. The result of absolutely unprecedented hustling had been simply *nil*. They were even alarmed to notice weariness on their own side. It was certainly a case for sadness, if not even for anger.

In some instances it seems to have been a case for

anger also. On Saturday evening Mr. F. A. CHANNING, M.P. (we again confine ourselves to the unimpeachable authority of the *Daily News*) regretted that "the dose was not mixed a little stiffer for the dear old Chamber up aloft." He "would like to see every Liberal measure rammed through the House of Commons, and sent up to the House of Lords, with 150 members of the House of Commons watching the Lords mangling the Bill and then carrying the tale down to the constituencies." It was evening, and we cannot say how much political excitement influenced Mr. CHANNING, or whether he was conscious that, on the arithmetical principles above referred to, about 130 members of the House of Commons would be watching to carry a very different tale. But the utterance speaks the angry Gladstonian, just as those which we have quoted speak the sad one. We notice elsewhere the accustomed unmannerliness of Mr. CONYBEARE to the SPEAKER, and the valuable enunciation of Parliamentary law which this very valueless person was the means of eliciting. Nor is it to be doubted that the SPEAKER'S views on the Closure—views which are usually in such cases communicated to the Government in good time—may have had something to do, in connexion with Mr. GLADSTONE'S illness, the ominous drop in majorities last week, and the march of time, in bringing Ministers to their senses. That Mr. PEEL speaks law is certain; we are surprised that he should seem to speak anything but equity and sense. It might surely occur to any one that, if the views of Messrs. CHANNING, CONYBEARE, and Co. are well founded, all debate in Parliament, indeed almost all Parliamentary Session, is a mere farce. If the Speaker is to "closure" at every bidding of a bare majority, why not after each election count parties, let that which has a majority of one or more elect chiefs, and then let these chiefs draw up and pass their whole programme, as in a Bed of Justice, at a single sitting of the House?

In short, this Gladstonian flutter is stark nonsense. Mr. GLADSTONE'S followers constitute the smallest majority that has been seen in the House of Commons for more than a generation. On their own favourite doctrinaire principles, which require two-thirds majorities, and what not, before important changes are made, they are powerless to change the Constitution of England in the smallest particular. Their own Home Rule Bill, if it were agreed to *nem. con.* to-morrow, and its operation were to be immediate, would very probably leave them in a minority. But they have brought in such a Bill. Having done so, their course on constitutional principles is clear. They ought to give the amplest time for its consideration, to restrict other Parliamentary business to the irreducible minimum. Have they done this? They have done exactly the contrary. They tried to hurry on the Home Rule Bill itself as no measure of anything like its importance has been hurried on before. They attempted to hustle and huddle the real business of the country through at odd sittings, on private members' days, by all the artifices usually resorted to late in a Session by a Government which knows that it has wasted time. Further, they have, for reasons on which it is not necessary to insist for the benefit of the very stupidest, introduced a crowd of other contentious Bills of the first class, which have consumed, and rightly consumed, a large amount of time in their introduction, and on which further light is justly required by means of questions and side motions. They have given work for at least four ordinary Sessions, and they complain because the work is not done in a fourth of the time that an ordinary Session might take over it. And this, again, is not all. Their proceedings would have been indefensible enough if they had waited till there was obvious

delay over some particular measure, and had then protested. But they have done nothing of the sort. They have said to the Opposition, We know you are going to obstruct, and, therefore, will you kindly give us leave beforehand to gag you, to take away your time, to have extra sittings, and so forth? There used to be a legend of a fine old yachtsman who contracted with his crew, for good consideration, that he might flog them if he felt so disposed. Mr. GLADSTONE is a more unjust man than Lord YARBOROUGH; for he wanted the Opposition to give him the leave without any consideration at all, and for the express purpose of enabling him to do what they consider fatal to the well-being of the nation.

The attempt has been for the time relinquished, and the Opposition have thus won a great and well-deserved success in what may be called the First Day of the battle. It behoves them to be inspirited by it, to redouble their efforts, but not to presume. They owe, indeed, no gratitude to their adversaries for a late and grudging concession, and they should still lose no legitimate opportunity of discussion, and, if necessary, division. But it can hardly be doubted that, after the severe lesson they have had, Ministers, less eager to monopolize time, will be more careful to note and profit by every waste of it. Let there, then, be no obstruction, but unrelenting opposition; no filibustering, but war—legitimate war—to the knife.

POTE MOTE.

THE author of the Cambridge epitaph "THORPE'S Corpse" is said to have boasted that his poem was the shortest in the world. That which we have ventured to prefix to these lines is shorter. We owe it to "WILLIAM JOHN MOTE, *Poet Electorate*, Author of *Our Progressive Platform*, &c., 14 Whateley Road, East Dulwich, Surrey, S.E." It is the least part of our debt to him.

His masterpiece, now before us, is entitled "LEGISLATIVE PESTS—OUT WITH THEM!" He "presents" it "To Statesmen, Editors, and Politicians"—and for our part in the gift we cannot thank him enough—"as a token of his sympathy with Ireland, as an un-justly coerced and long-suffering nation." It consists of nineteen cantos, averaging some dozen lines each, and mostly written in nearly perfect Alexandrines—a metre which we cannot but think that other British potes have unduly neglected. Consider the opening couplet, especially the second line:—

The House of Lords—A House of Legislative Pests!
Hence "Out with them!" shout millions uttering their
behests.

Next follows the Dedication, which is trochaic, but must be quoted:—

I dedicate this Poem to Her Majesty the Queen,
And all her subjects everywhere including College Green.

Is this sarcasm, or does Pote MOTE not know that the QUEEN'S subjects on College Green are about the best Unionists living—namely, the inhabitants of Trinity College on one side, and the Bank of Ireland on the other? Some of the Pote's history must be quoted for the rhyme—

Proud England lost America refusing her Home Rule;
Was dearly taught in purse and blood—fraternal warfare
cruel—

and some of his current politics for itself:—

The Channel Islands, Jersey, Guernsey, and the Isle of Man
Home Rule enjoy. And why not Ireland give the Home
Rule Plan?

So England, Scotland, Wales, with India and Elsewhere,
are bound
To have Imperial Federation *plus* Home Rule all round.

"Home Rule for Elsewhere" is a cry worthy of the member for Gateshead.

In a subsequent canto the Pote describes the favourite pursuits of members of the House of Lords. We have room only for

The gentle deer, their antlers seizing, they dishorn;
Then, horsed, with hounds, the deer are hunted, shot, and
torn!

Therefore (among other reasons) the House of Lords must be abolished. But

The mode is peaceful! not unconstitutional means;
Not by gunpowder plot! nor dynamiting scenes!
But swamping Tories! Liberals being multiplied!
Then Lords committing Legislative suicide!!!

If any pedant thinks he discerns a superfluous foot in the first of these lines, he will surely forgive it for the really magnificent rhythm of the last. With characteristic foresight for details, the Pote proceeds to dispose of the room in which the House of Lords now sits:—

Their House—when cleared and swept and scrubbed and
disinfected—
Will suit Electorate to interview Elected.

Whether the satire of "disinfected" or the majestic conception of making the empty shell of the House of Lords a new terror for the House of Commons appeals to us more forcibly, we are unable to decide. The Pote's notion of some personal uncleanness in connexion with the peerage reappears in a later canto:—

"Good morning! Do you use Pears' soap?" I know who
ought—
The Lords, whose House John Bull condemns. Ill-famed
resort!

The Pote's peculiar mastery of his favourite metre is illustrated again a little lower down—but it must be admitted that the sentiment is hardly according to the gospel of Dr. Ibsen:—

Heredity and Primogeniture must go
With other Peerage frauds to bottomless limbo.

A long canto deals with various specific wickednesses of the House of Lords. It contains, as we would have betted a peerage to a potato that it would, reproaches that Pears are

In favour of Compulsory Poisonous Vaccination,
and likewise

Rejecting Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister's [*sic*] Bill,
Priest-ridden Lords, frustrate the House of Commons' will.

The Pote is willing to give even the devil—or that exceptional devil who deserves it—his due:—

From time to time, a really noble lord will rise
To introduce a Bill; progressive, good, and wise;
But lords, ignoble swarmed, and stormed, and voting, No!
In person, or by proxy, gave it, its death blow.

It would probably hurt his feelings to know that the privilege of voting by proxy has been disused for it seems a favourite grievance:—

In Lords, they vote unfair, by proxy, if elsewhere;
In Commons, if elsewhere, M.P.'s opponents pair.

(Observe the double rhyme.) We will conclude these all too brief extracts, which give but the faintest idea of the political and literary merits of this monumental pome, by quoting two passages illustrative of the Pote's most praiseworthy loyalty to the Throne:—

Great Britain's Empress, Queen Victoria the First,
Must grieve, that Ireland has, for six years, been coerced,
So cruelly by a Hybrid governmental crew,
Of Rabid Tories, *plus*, some traitor Whigs, a few.

"Hybrid" is good—and "cruelly" is dissyllabic. The lines which follow are not actually the last, but they ought to be, and they scan most beautifully:—

Victoria our Queen has Precedent and Plan
Which were adopted by her Predecessor Anne.
Let William Ewart Gladstone, thus advise his Queen,
So that a Parliament may meet on College Green.

THE MORAL OF "PANAMA."

IT requires no very virtuous degree of modesty in a foreigner to confess that he finds some difficulty in seeing his way through the SATAN'S invisible world now being displayed in the Court of M. le Président PILET-DESJARDINS. The French themselves, including the Chambers, manifestly find it impossible to see clear. For us the difficulty is increased by our inability to understand what much of the so-called evidence produced in Court has got to do with the matter in hand. But the methods of French tribunals are always unintelligible to us. On what principle—one would like to know—is a distinction drawn between witnesses summoned before the Court by the prosecution or the defence and witnesses who are ordered to attend by the President in the exercise of his discretionary powers? The first are sworn. The second are not. If we did not know that a thorough understanding of the difference between evidence and not evidence, together with a just estimate of the value of Latin quantities, are peculiarly English virtues, we might ask why so many witnesses so-called were allowed to come, and to occupy the time of the Court with hearsay talk. There was, for instance, a M. CHANTAGREL, ex-Deputy, to whom only the pen of M. LUDOVIC HALÉVY could do adequate justice, who was permitted to amuse the audience by a story of an alleged attempt to corrupt his integrity. It was immediately manifest that poor M. CHANTAGREL, a person of much simple pomposity, had been made the victim of a practical joke by a M. SOULIGOU, to whom he owed money. The comedy of the incident was greatly heightened by the obvious terror of M. SOULIGOU at discovering that the little farce which he played to amuse himself when coming into town in the morning train with M. CHANTAGREL might have serious consequences.

The most striking, and even the most important, incident of the trial has been the evidence given by Mme. COTTU. Here, again, we have to confess that we do not understand what her story has to do with the issue before the Court. If true, it proves that during the trial of the Panama Directors for misappropriation, Mme. COTTU received assurances from an official in the Ministry of the Interior that her husband would be struck out of the list of the accused if she would give the Government evidence on which it could compromise some members of the Right. This does not seem to us to have anything to do with the quite different question whether MM. DE LESSEPS and FONTANE did or did not corrupt M. BAÏHAUT and other Deputies. Mme. COTTU was summoned in the hope that her evidence would discredit the Government which had ordered the prosecution. The calculation has, on the whole, been justified by the result. As is always the case when shady subordinate agents have been employed, and when direction from above has been given (if at all) by nod and wink and understanding, and not by formal order, the story is obscure, and in parts very debatable. Still there are one or two solid points in it, and they are enough to make it highly discreditable to the French Administration. Just before the late trial of the Panama directors an interview was arranged between Mme. COTTU and M. SOINOURY, then Chef de la Sûreté in the Ministry of

the Interior. It has since been alleged that Mme. COTTU applied for the interview, in order to ask for greater facilities to see her husband, then in prison. Although this story was told in the Chamber, it is not borne out by any evidence, and it is contradicted by the fact that, though orders permitting Mme. COTTU to see her husband in private were issued, she declined to receive them. Mme. COTTU's own version is consistent enough. It is that she was given to understand, through her husband's secretary, M. BERTON, that M. BOURGEOIS, Minister of Justice, wished to see her. M. BERTON negotiated with a certain GOLIARD, one of those mysterious brokers who go between in all kinds of business on the Continent. GOLIARD, again, was acting with M. NICOLLE, a subordinate in the police department of the Ministry of the Interior. M. NICOLLE is a person who began life by losing a million of francs in betting, and who now lives by combining the employments of tipster, sporting reporter, and police inspector of race-courses—a very significant cumulation of functions. By the efforts of these understrappers a meeting was arranged, in mysterious circumstances, with M. SOINOURY. According to Mme. COTTU, this official pressed her to accept a permit to hold private meetings with her husband in prison—which she did not want, since she saw M. COTTU daily in the office of the Juge d'instruction, M. FRANQUEVILLE. SOINOURY then entered into a long talk with her, in the course of which he made the reported attempt to induce her to compromise some member of the Right. When SOINOURY was summoned, he did not deny that he had made this rascally suggestion, but, on the contrary, took credit for it as a proof of his zeal as a police officer. To make the story complete, it should be added that it is not quite new, but was in a general way reported in the papers some time ago. Of course it received an official denial; but M. SOINOURY was removed from the Sûreté, and reappointed, if not promoted, to the post of Inspector of Penitentiaries.

The political consequences of this incident have been noisy and notorious. In substance they amount to this—that M. BOURGEOIS, after resigning his portfolio in a melodramatic manner, has denied in Court that M. SOINOURY acted by order, and that the Chambers have given Votes of Confidence to the Government under the influence mainly of fear that, if M. RIBOT'S Ministry is upset, M. CAVAIGNAC would come into office. But the votes and the hysterics of the Chambers are of very little moment when the whole Republican régime, as at present organized, is at stake. That this is more the case since Mme. COTTU gave her evidence than it was before is beyond question. The most thoroughly and characteristically mean attempts have been made to prove that Mme. COTTU laid a trap for M. SOINOURY; but they will not bear examination. If Mme. COTTU really applied for an interview, it could be proved. No proof has been given, and we remain persuaded of the truth of her assertion that M. SOINOURY sought a meeting with her and allowed it to be arranged with all the circumstances of a hole-and-corner intrigue. Much has been made of her mistake in supposing that M. SOINOURY'S superior was the MINISTER OF JUSTICE, and not, as was the fact, the MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR. But this was both a natural error on her part, and exactly the kind of confusion which intriguers engaged in the underhand manœuvres charged against M. SOINOURY would be careful to insinuate. The general impression left by her story, and all the testimony produced against it, is that there have been underhand intrigues in which Government officials have been engaged. It is immaterial whether the object has been to merely stifle a case which is a danger to the Republic, or to run a counter-mine against the Right. The question whether they have

been inspired by men at the head of affairs, or spontaneously undertaken by foolish subordinates who hoped to do themselves a good turn by serving their masters' supposed, but not expressed, wishes, is of more importance. M. BOURGEOIS'S denial, and the almost frantic defences of the politicians in the Chambers, cannot be shown to be merely mendacious; but assertion, as not only the public in French law courts, but apparently one English newspaper, requires to be reminded, is not evidence. If M. BOURGEOIS and others were capable of employing M. SOINOURY in the way alleged, they would be equally capable of denying it. M. SOINOURY has himself taken a line which is absolutely consistent with the supposition that he has agreed to accept the part of disavowable and disavowed agent. In the midst of all this uncertainty, it is a very serious piece of evidence against the Government that, when Mme. COTTU's story was first heard of, they transferred M. SOINOURY from his police post to the office of Inspector of Penitentiaries. Now, if they believed that he had committed an error, why did they appoint him to a new place? If they did not believe him in the wrong, why did they remove him at all? The supposition that he was transferred just at that time for wholly independent reasons really gives too much to coincidence. Ministers have no right whatever to complain of the suspicion—which, by the way, is openly avowed by many sincere Republicans—that M. SOINOURY was named to a new place and is countenanced now because his chiefs dare not drive him to speak out.

When the end of this straggling trial is reached, we shall be in a position to estimate it as a whole. The amazing light it has thrown, by means of the evidence of MM. FLOQUET, DE FREYCINET, CLÉMENCEAU, and CONSTANT, on the general atmosphere of the political world of the Republic will be not the least interesting part of it. The COTTU incident, which has no direct bearing on the issue, stands by itself, and is undoubtedly a symptom. As one reads it, and looks at the effect it has produced, one is irresistibly reminded of one of the most striking of the melodramatic imaginings of DICKENS. The Republic stands like the rotting house which was full of ominous sounds of cracking and of rushing. One day the process of disintegration was complete, and the house collapsed in ruins. The house of the Republic has been complaining in every joint and timber for some years, new as it is. Now the noises are becoming louder and more numerous every day. The inhabitants are getting very nervous, and all who can escape show a disposition to get out. The reluctance of M. BOURGEOIS to resume the office he was in such a hurry to resign seems to prove that he, for one, intended to keep as close as might be to the front door.

EVICTED TENANTS AND EXPOSED COMMISSIONERS.

AMONG the various criticisms which have been pronounced on the Report of the Evicted Tenants Commission, there is one which strikes us as eminently unfair. It has been inconsiderately said that that Report is not justified by the facts. But what is meant by "the facts"? Surely the proper place to look—the only place in which one can respectfully look—for the facts on which the recommendations of a Commission are founded is in the official Report of the evidence. Tried by that test, the findings of Sir JAMES MATHEW and his two (officially) surviving colleagues come triumphantly off. Instead of complaining unreasonably that these findings are "one-sided," let the critic look at the reported evidence, and he will see that it has exactly the same number of sides and no more.

The Commissioners impartially heard one side and reported in strictly conscientious accordance with the facts thus obtained. What more could we ask? It is manifestly absurd, for instance, to object to their describing the Plan of Campaign as "an unfortunate agrarian controversy," instead of a conspiracy to defraud. To the Commission it *was* only an unfortunate agrarian controversy; we defy the reader to find anything in the evidence of Canon KELLER, or Canon CAHILL, or Mr. ROCHE, or Mr. O'BRIEN DALTON, or any one witness examined by the Commission which so much as hints that it was anything else. You may search the answers of every witness implicated, either as organizer of, or sympathizer with, or willing or unwilling accessory to, the Plan of Campaign (and no other witnesses were called by the Commission), without finding a single word of admission from any one of them that the Plan was a conspiracy to defraud. What on earth, then, could the Commission have called it but "an unfortunate agrarian controversy"?

It is this same neglect of the golden rule of considering the Report of a Commission with strict reference to the steps whereby it has been arrived at, which accounts for other unthinking strictures on this document. For example, there are those who will have it that the recommendation to appoint another Commission, which, in the event of landlord and evicted tenant being unable to come to terms, shall proceed itself to fix the terms of reinstatement (thereafter presumably to be enforced by Act of Parliament), is the most monstrous proposal that any lawyer, or any but an Asiatic lawyer, has ever put forward. Others, again, there are who remark that the project of replacing a fraudulent tenant in his holding, and then enabling him to re-stock it by loans secured upon the rates—that is, mainly upon his landlord's contributions to the public burdens—is one which only escapes description as the most infamously oppressive, because it obtrudes itself with yet more prominence in its character of the most farcically comic, project that ever entered even an Irish lawyer's brain. All such criticisms would probably have been forborne, if their authors had only recollected that every one of these features in the Report—its high-handed arbitrariness, its flagrant injustice, its rampant absurdity—only, after all, reproduce the characteristics of proceedings which began with the delivery of judgment before trial, which went on with the silencing of an incriminated landlord's counsel, and the collection of unsifted *ex parte* evidence, and which was marked by an incident so broadly humorous as that of Sir JAMES MATHEW's neglecting to cross-examine Mr. ROCHE from the evidence given by him before the PARNELL Commission, because, although the Report of that Commission lay before him, it was lying "among a mass of other books, and his attention was not specially called to it."

Of course, if any one chooses to contend that the recommendations of a body of investigators appointed to inquire into certain facts ought to be founded upon those facts, and not upon a selection from them, he will naturally find the Report of the Evicted Tenants Commission a little unsatisfactory. Fortunately, however, the means of supplementing it are at hand. The landlords of the Plan of Campaign estates, though they have been expressly denied the right of cross-examining the witnesses called by the Commission, and practically excluded from offering testimony on their own behalf, have done the next best thing in the circumstances. They have read, and answered *seriatim*, the statements of the aforesaid witnesses, and, in the case of three of these properties—the PONSONBY estate, the Luggacurren estate, and Mr. SMITH-BARRY'S Tipperary estate—their replies, printed in parallel columns with the allegations to which they refer, are now before us

as one of the valuable publications of that useful body, the Irish Landowners' Convention. A comparison of the two columns will be found most instructive. Here, on every page, shall you come across little discrepancies of this kind:—"2970. The vast majority of the agricultural tenants were evicted. All except three 'or four' (Canon CAHILL'S evidence). '2970. Thirty-six of the agricultural tenants were not evicted at all' (Landlord's reply). And again, '2971. Most of the agricultural tenants are still out' (Canon CAHILL'S evidence). 'Out of 137 tenants, only forty-one are still out' (Landlord's reply). And so on through page after page of the Report, until you no longer wonder (if you ever did wonder) at the exclusion of the Irish landlords' evidence by the Commission, even at the cost of resort to so clumsy an expedient as that of picking a quarrel with the counsel who represented them. A mass of such testimony as that which appears in the right-hand parallel column of this Abstract (and which is to be duly attested by statutory declaration) would have somewhat impaired the logic, which, as we have already pointed out, is quite sound in its present form, of the Report; while it could hardly have affected the character of the debate on the vote for the expenses of the Commission one way or the other. If every refutation given by landlord or agent to every priest's or agitator's lie, so greedily swallowed by Sir JAMES MATHEW and his colleagues, had been in print under the eyes of the House, it could hardly have added anything to the masculine strength of Mr. RUSSELL'S speech, or increased the pitiable weakness of Mr. MORLEY'S reply. When a Minister in the CHIEF SECRETARY'S position descends to such a point of argumentative imbecility as to cite Mr. RUSSELL'S former denunciations of Lord CLANRICARDE in justification of Sir JAMES MATHEW'S conduct in pronouncing judgment on his case before opening the inquiry into it, we must really claim for ourselves the right of passing his pleadings by unnoticed. After all, something is due to one's intellectual self-respect, which would be almost as much outraged by seriously answering such an argument as by using it. A critic of Mr. MORLEY'S speech who submitted to such an indignity would feel that he might almost as well be a Gladstonian Chief Secretary himself, and engaged in inventing defences for paying over the Gladstonian blackmail, as per contract, to the Plan of Campaign banditti. For the same reason we may decline to deal with so audaciously flimsy a pretext for his action as that which Mr. MORLEY puts forward in his repeated appeals to the 13th Section of the Land Purchase Act of 1891. It has been again and again shown—and was once more pointed out the other night in his short but sufficient speech by Mr. BALFOUR—that what that section enacted was solely and simply this:—that, for the purposes of the statute and of the public aids and facilities provided by it for the operation of purchase, a landlord should be at liberty to deal with an evicted tenant as though he were in actual possession of the holding. And it is upon this section that Mr. MORLEY attempts to justify the monstrous recommendation of Sir JAMES MATHEW and his colleagues that the new Commission of Arbitration, of which they advised the appointment, should, in the event of landlord and evicted tenant failing to agree with each other, prescribe the terms on which the reinstatement—that is, of course, the forcible reinstatement by officers of the law and the police—of the tenant should be carried out! But, after all, there is little profit in discussing Mr. MORLEY'S apologies. They only share in the hollowness which has characterized the whole of this shady transaction since the date of Mr. MORLEY'S letter to Mr. MCCARTHY. It was necessary to appoint the Commission; it was necessary that the Commission

should report as it has reported; and, lastly, it was necessary that Mr. MORLEY should get up in the House of Commons and defend its immoral recommendations, while at the same time laying them gently and respectfully on the shelf as impracticable. The whole comedy has now been played out in strict accordance with this programme. And now we should like to know who is going to applaud it. The landlords who were prevented from exposing it, the honest and law-abiding public who have been scandalized by it, or the fraudulent conspirators whom it will so cruelly disappoint?

PARLIAMENTARY ILL-MANNERS.

PARLIAMENTARY government may or may not be the best of all possible forms of government. That is a question for speculators of the CANDIDE order, who hold that the best is independent of time and place and circumstances, and is indicated by the marks *semper, ubique, and ab omnibus*. But, whatever conclusion may be come to on this point, it is not to be denied that Parliamentary government is the form of government which, variously modified, has, from the time of SIMON DE MONTFORT to that of Mr. GLADSTONE, been the political note of England. The history of the country is to a very great extent the history of its Parliaments. If a single phrase could express it, that phrase would be as good as any other; perhaps better than any other. The degradation of the Parliament is its degradation, in a sense in which the same remark would not apply to any other country. If anything like the disclosures which are now throwing light on the methods of French Ministries and French Chambers could be made in England, they would imply a profounder and more hopeless demoralization here than that which they indicate there, deep-seated as it may be. Parliamentary institutions are the temporary accidents of French politics. They are the essence of English politics. Failure of Parliamentary manners at St. Stephen's is a symptom as alarming as failure of Parliamentary morals in the Palais Bourbon. The transition from manners to morals is somewhat rapid, and when the fence which secures the former is broken down the security for the latter is dangerously impaired. The infringement of the smaller obligations gravely invalidates the greater; and when men become indifferent to the decencies of public life, they are on the way to a breach of its ethical obligations. When a man of the character and training of Mr. JOHN MORLEY can say that, though he has no evidence at all that Irish landlords are coercing their tenants to sign petitions against Home Rule, he thinks it, in the nature of things, highly probable that they are doing so, the low-water mark of political degradation is reached. We do not believe that such an answer, which is quite in the spirit of Sir JAMES MATHEW'S allocution, was ever made by a Minister of State before, or could have been made by a Minister of State before. The power of Irish landlords over their tenants has not increased since Mr. MORLEY announced that it was the landlords, and not the tenants, for whom protection was most needed.

The fact that a man, entitled in so many ways to respect as Mr. MORLEY, is, in wanton imputations, the convert and disciple of Dr. TANNER, makes it impossible to treat merely with contempt the conduct even of such a person as Mr. CONYBEARE. A suitable instrument is instinctively chosen, or chooses himself, by a process of unconscious selection, for a suitable business. The language of the Gladstonian press, however, and the behaviour of certain upstarts, who may be literally so called from the jack-in-the-box manner in which they seem mechanically propelled to move the Closure while a debate is in its initial stages, seem

to indicate a deliberate design to coerce the SPEAKER from his impartiality into a servile obedience to the will of the majority. The idea prevails that he is, or if he is not already that he must be made, the mechanical tool of the party in power, that it is his business to give effect to the moods of the majority, instead of protecting not only the minority, but the whole House, including the majority itself, from its fleeting caprices. The attempt which Mr. CONYBEARE made in his letter to the *Westminster Gazette*—an attempt backed by that scrupulous and high-minded journal—to terrorize the SPEAKER by exciting outside clamour against his decisions, was stupid as well as unmanly. There may have been in past times occupants of the Chair on whom the experiment might have been tried with some degree of success. But a hypothetical past need not much trouble any one.

The future—and a future which may be very near—is, however, suggestive of some alarm. It seems likely that henceforth the Speaker may be chosen, not because he is believed to be firm and impartial, but because it is hoped he will be pliant and accommodating. Ministers trained in the old discipline of the House of Commons recognize the necessity that the Chair should be a check upon their otherwise too absolute command of a docile majority. In Mr. GLADSTONE himself the good habits and the honourable companionship of half a century perceptibly control the dictatorial impulses of the past half-dozen years. But Mr. GLADSTONE'S self-restraint and his command over his followers grow weaker day by day, and when he disappears, the respect for Parliamentary authority, so far as his side of the House is concerned, seems likely to vanish with him. It is scarcely too much to say that at present the main security for Parliamentary order lies in the character of the Speaker, in his respect for himself, for his office, and for the House of Commons. The House of Commons is less competent than ever it was before to guard its own traditions; and, with a less conspicuous example than Mr. PEEL presents in the Chair of fine courtesy, of tact, and of firmness, the incipient degradation and anarchy might speedily reach their consummation.

THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT.

"SWEET are the uses of advertisement," but why they should be so—the Theory of Advertising—remains more or less mysterious. A little "plauiflet" has been published on this theme, "The Power of Advertisement and its Principle in Nature," by T. THATCHER (Bristol: 44 College Green). We have examined Mr. THATCHER'S volume (pp. 12), but it has not been blessed to our edification. The author appears not to have devoted himself to philosophical study, and is apt to be misled by analogy. All signs and means of intercommunication between sentient organisms are not precisely advertisements, or not advertisements in the special sense of the word. To argue thus is to run into mysticism and poetry like PLATO, rather than to consider in ARISTOTLE'S manner. Yet Mr. THATCHER begins practically enough, agreeing with the sweet singer of America that

He who would in business rise
Must either bust or advertise.

No doubt it is true that excellent commodities of all sorts will never reach the world if their existence is not known. Their merits, however, should do most of the advertising, or at most they might be vocally advertised, as by AUTOLYCUS in his tuneful songs. The real mystery is, why it pays the advertiser to madden the judicious citizen; and this Mr. THATCHER does not explain. He agrees that pegging away, assailing every eye with puffs printed concerning

mustard, soap, pills, or what you please, is, in fact, successful. This we admit; it must succeed, or the unspeakable advertisers could not afford to make town and country hideous. But why does it succeed? The normal man, goaded to ferocity by advertisements, says, "No, I will not 'cheer up'; I will not use Soap and-so Soap if I go dirty to my doom. Sooner will I make my ablutions, like the pious Islamite of the waterless desert, with sand. Nor will I take Prigman's Pills, even if I have a complication of all the diseases they cure, from housemaid's knee to cerebro-spinal meningitis. Death before dishonour. Rather shall my beef go mustardless than I will temper it with BLOBBS'S Unrivalled Mustard." This is to speak and think like a man who will not be bullied or bored into purchasing goods which leave him no peace of mind, which flaunt their merits on the summit of Mount Sinai, or in the Dowie Dens of Yarrow. One might fancy that we are all made of this temper; but it is not, cannot be so. There must be people who soap themselves with these soaps, and drug themselves with these pills. That is the problem—why do they not firmly say, "Give me mustard, but not BLOBBS'S; pills, if it must be so, but not PRIGMAN'S." They don't, and that is the pathetic thing. This it is which makes us despair of humanity, of progress.

In literature, alas! it is much the same story. We do not, indeed, refer to honest advertisements of books; which are capital reading, not offensive to the eye, but contrariwise, and as innocuous as catalogues. Were books advertised like plays and mustard; were the walls covered with gigantic posters—

READ!

BROWN'S NEW NOVEL!
"UNDER THE STARS"!

with a monstrous picture, then the system would be odious. But the system, where it is wrong, takes the form of plainly mechanical booms. Puffs preliminary, interviews, "Mr. BROWN at Home," anecdotes, begin it; and, as it goes on, BROWN'S name pops out at you everywhere, with the inveterate pertinacity of mustard or soap. This might seem injudicious; but it probably pays. BROWN is thrust on a public readily moved by advertisement, and, to the horror of common sense, BROWN'S obscure jargon, BROWN'S third-hand and inexpensive culture, BROWN'S dismal pessimism, BROWN'S special brand of religious tomfoolery, BROWN'S dull and vapid verse, turn out to be very popular articles among the educated and progressive public. In vain you say, "They cannot really like this 'skimble-skamble stuff,' and perhaps they do not like it, but they go on consuming it because it is copiously advertised. Mankind are like the antelopes which flock to any conspicuous object and get potted by the wary backwoodsman as in CATLIN'S picture. Hence the feverish desire to be conspicuous, which may be noted by the scientific observer. Good wine needs no bush, or, at least, does not need a wilderness of blazing bushes, but these attractions pass off a great deal of a very inferior vintage.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR A HOT POTATC.

WE believe that the giant who, in the attempt to rival a certain dexterous feat of JACK'S, unintentionally effected the "happy despatch," was a giant of Welsh extraction. If so, it is very probable that he will be avenged by Major JONES, in the character of a Welsh JACK the Giant Killer, "scoring off" Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in the part, for this occasion only, of an English giant. For Major JONES has carried the second reading of a Local Veto Bill for Wales; while, if the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER endeavours to

imitate the feat with his own Liquor Bill for England and Wales combined, it seems only too likely that the attempt may end in involuntary *hari-kari*. However, there is some reason to think that the giant himself is alive to this danger, and that he encouraged and assisted JACK in his performance in order to provide himself, not with a model for imitation, but with an excuse for withdrawing from the competition. It is certainly difficult to account in any other way for so absurd a transaction as that of the acceptance of a Welsh Bill by a Government who have themselves introduced a Bill on the same subject applying to the whole island south of the Tweed, and differing in important particulars from the other measure. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT says that he accepts it in order to "affirm the principle" common to both Bills. But, if he meant business with his own Bill, he would have an opportunity of affirming the principle in that. So that it may probably suggest itself to Sir WILFRID LAWSON and "those about him" that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT does not mean business with his own Bill, but intended by his action last Wednesday to hint to Sir WILFRID, in the most delicate way in the world, that, if it should so happen, through the irresistible stress of other engagements, that the Government either cannot press their own Bill to a second reading at an early period of the Session, or "feel that they are not justified in giving it precedence over, &c.," or have to invent some other official paraphrase of the announcement that they propose to drop it like a hot potato, why Sir WILFRID and those about him must not be surprised.

The trouble for the Government is that dropping it is not necessarily enough; for, just as you cannot touch pitch without being defiled, so you cannot touch hot potatoes, unless you are very swift and adroit, without burning your fingers. And Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is uneasily conscious, as it seems to us, that the mischief of the Local Veto Bill is done, and that the fingers are burnt already. Otherwise he need hardly have gone out of his way to "affirm" not only the common principle of the two Bills—his own and Major JONES'S—but their uncommon want of principle also. He knew, he must have learnt from Lord BURTON, no longer "solid for the Grand Old Man," that "the trade" has been thoroughly alarmed by the confiscation clauses; and he is much too shrewd an electioneerer not to be aware that no mere abandonment of the Bill now will allay the fears or even soothe the indignation which it has aroused. To abandon it may extricate the Government from Parliamentary difficulties, but it will not help them a bit at the polls. There they will have to fight the whole licensed victualling and brewing interests combined in defence of their property at the next election, whatever happens; and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT knows—none better—what those powerful opponents can do. Hence, no doubt, it seemed to him that he might as well boldly grapple with a foe whom he could neither conciliate nor ignore; or, at any rate, that he might as well throw out, in the hope of its falling here and there on fertile ground, just the seed of a suggestion to the mind of the licensed victualler that, in the matter of compensation, he might find it six of one political party and half a dozen of the other. "Were hon. gentlemen opposite," he asked, "exactly where they were in 1888 on the question of compensation? He would venture to say, in all reasonableness, to gentlemen opposite that the people of this country were as determined now against the principle of compensation set up in 1888 as they were at that time." Sir WILLIAM'S "reasonableness" is sweet, indeed; but it ought not to beguile his adversaries into any utterances which may help the Government out of their difficulty. The "people of this country" have never, as it happens, had their

opinion taken on the question of compensation at all. It was by the mere clamour of the teetotal fanatics that the last Government—or, rather, a week-kneed section of their supporters—allowed themselves to be "bounced." The present Government are now in a fair way to get a real deliverance on the point of confiscation from the people of this country—at the next election, and at their own sole expense. It is an *experimentum in corpore vili*, of which we heartily approve. But we have no suggestions of our own to make.

MR. GOSCHEN AT PIMLICO.

IT would be better, no doubt, if there were no Gladstonian Ministry that has to be attacked; but, since there is, it is at least some satisfaction that its coming to office has left Mr. GOSCHEN free to apply himself to a species of work which he performs most particularly well. There may be politicians who can construct a measure as well as, or better than, Mr. GOSCHEN; but there is nobody who can in a more workmanlike manner knock the bottom out of the measures of others. At present he has a perhaps unparalleled opportunity for the exercise of his peculiar mastery. A truly formidable critic would hardly prefer that the work which he has the privilege to smash should be too easily smashable. But yet there is an especial pleasure in playing the executioner to a piece of workmanship which has a pretentious appearance of ingenuity, when all the while it is the outcome of the most shameless scamping concealed by the most impudent devices of the jerry builder.

With a very accurate estimate of what is of real importance, Mr. GOSCHEN applied himself nearly exclusively to the Irish Bill. Any other measures the Government bring in are almost sufficiently criticized when it is said that they are meant to bribe the various factions of his majority not to bolt before Mr. GLADSTONE can boast that he has carried Home Rule through the Commons after all. Perhaps an exception may be made for the Veto Bill—not on the ground that it is destined for a better fate than the others, but because it has the merit that it supplies such a beautiful illustration of the peculiarly elastic morality of the Temperance party, which will vote that any two-thirds of the ratepayers of a parish, who do not need a public-house, may deprive the other third, who do, of their beer, and will then vote that Ireland shall be left dependent for its revenue on the consumption of whisky. Mr. GOSCHEN sketched the contrast in his most effective style. As much may be said of his reduction of the Welsh Suspensory Bill to its just proportions as a rather particularly dirty bid for the support of all the greed and envy in Wales. Still, while adequate justice was done to these minor sins, Mr. GOSCHEN devoted himself chiefly to the main iniquity. Mr. GLADSTONE has now provided a shoeing-horn of inestimable value for the service of all who wish to draw on a discussion of his Bill, by refusing to see the deputation of Loyalists who applied to him last week. The decision not to hear it was so significant of the spirit in which the Home Rule Bill is to be forced on, that Mr. GOSCHEN would have made a mistake not at all common with him if he had omitted to make use of it. He did not make that mistake, but did his best to drive home in the minds of his audience exactly what this refusal to listen to the loyalty, the capital, and the education of Ireland signify. It is to be hoped that Mr. GOSCHEN'S example will be followed. Such an incident as this is calculated to carry conviction to many in England, who will be little touched by the most destructive critical analysis of the clauses of the Bill, but are quite capable of seeing

and resenting the unfairness of denying a hearing to those whose interests the Bill will endanger.

When Mr. GOSCHEN actually tackled the Bill itself, he avoided the "critical analysis" which, though most effective in its proper place, and excellent for showing on what lines the Bill should be attacked, is less telling on a platform. Mr. GOSCHEN selected two points which are capable of being made perfectly clear with little or no outlay of ingenuity on distinguishing and dividing. He showed that the Bill will not bring peace to Ireland, but, on the contrary, worse confusion; and he also made it clear that the financial clauses of the Bill cannot be accepted. On the latter point, to be sure, Unionist speakers have the advantage (for it is an advantage of a kind) to be in entire agreement with the Nationalists of both factions. It might even be maintained, with no gross unfairness, that the Unionists have the support of the Nationalists on the first point also—if we look, not to the wordy assurances of their platform orators, but to their acts. Mr. GOSCHEN told his audience to look to the *Freeman* office for an illustration of what Home Rule will and must be among Irishmen. Even as it is, they cannot keep from conflicts which are waged, sometimes with battering-rams and crowbars, but generally by abuse alone. When the irritating control of an alien police has been removed, it may be safely predicted that those scenes will be renewed on a more conspicuous stage than the *Freeman* office. These are considerations which can be most adequately treated on a platform, as Mr. GLADSTONE was doubtless very well aware when he decided to make the late futile attempt to rush the House of Commons. Therefore it is for the Unionists that they be set forth on every available platform, on every occasion, between this and the end of the Easter Recess.

THE COTTON DISPUTE.

THE dispute which has been in progress amongst the Lancashire cotton-spinners since November last is now virtually at an end, and another week or two will in all probability see a resumption of work in the districts affected on the basis of a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. or $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. reduction in wages, instead of the full 5 per cent. which led to the lock-out. It occurs naturally to one to ask at this point what have been the objects pursued in this struggle by the two combatants, and what the benefit derived by the one side or the other by the result. Ostensibly the matter has ended in a compromise, each side giving way and abandoning some portion of their respective claims. Actually the operatives have been defeated as well in their immediate as in their ultimate aim, and they will probably be convinced, for a short time at least, that they are not the irresistible power they have for some time thought they were; that, in fact, they have not yet obtained the mastery over their so-called employers. Mr. Mawdsley and the body he leads by the nose have given way on the wages question, and have "climbed down" very considerably during the past few weeks on the other points at issue; and though the reason adduced is a dislike to occasion further distress among the card and blowing-room hands, and among the non-Unionists, this plea will not blind any one, we should think, to the real facts of the case. Mr. Mawdsley's language has undergone a marked change since the time when he snubbed the well-meaning Mayor of Manchester for offering to act the part of mediator, and told that gentleman to look after affairs that concerned him and that he understood. After all, the Mayor was right, and had his offer been accepted it is probable a settlement would have been effected on exactly the same terms as at present—and that without the loss of any dignity to Mr. Mawdsley, and without any loss to the trade of the country. What this loss has been can be seen by any one who cares to examine the Board of Trade figures relating to cotton exports during the past three months. The blame, if blame there be, for the long continuance of the strike must rest with the Operatives Association, who have until quite recently refused to consider any proposal

emanating from the Employers Federation which should contain a suggestion of a reduction in wages. Even the $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., which they are now anxious to accept, found no favour in their eyes. They did not deny the existence of a condition of things calling for prompt redress. They fully admitted in November last that the spinning trade was in a bad way as a result of trade depression, over-production, and foreign competition; but, being a knowing and far-seeing body of men—being, in fact, as they will tell you themselves, the individuals who think to-day what the rest of England will think to-morrow—they had ideas of their own as to what was a proper and economically sound solution of the whole difficulty. Their double-barrelled panacea which was to cure all the ills the cotton trade ever suffered from was a reduced output and bi-metalism. Recently they have talked a lot of glib nonsense about the latter without quite understanding it. Their great contention was for a reduced output, and some colour was given to their pretensions about having the interests of the trade more at heart than their masters by the fact that they had no objection to sacrificing some portion of their weekly wage. The maintenance of a high wage was not their prime consideration. What they objected to was any tinkering with the standard of pay. If they were to take home less wages during the months of depression in trade, it was to be as a consequence of working a shorter number of hours. Now they are going back to the mills to work full time at 6d. or 9d. in the 1l. less wage.

It is pretty generally recognized that the maintenance of the standard was not the only thought which the operative leaders had in mind in instigating and carrying on this lengthy dispute. A temporary reduction in the number of working hours affords an ideal stepping-stone to the eight-hours day, which has become one of the "planks" in the cotton labour programme, and which is now—unless Ireland, we suppose, blocks the way—to come before Parliament in the shape of a Bill to be fathered by Sir Henry James. The cotton strike was to have paved the way for this Bill by drawing the attention of our legislators to the necessity there exists for some readjustment of the productive capacity and the working hours. "The nightmare that is afflicting the trade," said Mr. Mawdsley in effect, "is over-production. Not only have the number of mills and the quantity of machinery far outrun all the legitimate necessities of the case, but the ability of a given machine to turn out work quickly has vastly increased, while the markets to which the products go—direct, or after being converted into cloth—are either falling off at a most phenomenal rate, or are, at best, remaining stationary. Work eight hours a day, and your production will be almost on a level with your orders." But, to pass by the falling off, what about the increased cost of production which Mr. Mawdsley himself, before the Labour Commission, said would be bound to result from a reduction of hours, and which has been estimated on good authority recently to be equivalent to an increase of 14 per cent. in the cost of production? What about the ever-growing competition of the Continent, the United States, and India? Mr. Mawdsley, during the course of the interview which the United Textile Factory Workers had with the Home Secretary the other week, on the eight hours and other questions, said he did not believe that the keenness of foreign competition "would make the slightest difference to our foreign trade." We have sent textile machinery of the value of 338,340l. to the various countries of Europe this year already; and German yarn is now being sold and delivered in Manchester which will compare favourably with anything we can produce at the price. How could the "man of destiny" do this with our machinery unless he had the advantage of cheaper labour and longer hours in competition with us? As for India, that we were wont to rely upon as a market for by far the largest portion of our cotton cloth, she is looking after herself, and is surely—and not slowly—advancing as a textile-producing country, and besides helping herself to yarn and cloths, is exporting to China and Japan. In 1877 the exports of Bombay spun yarns to China were 28,516 bales, and to Japan 142 bales of 400 lbs. each. In 1892 the exports were 385,771 bales and 21,445 bales respectively. In 1889, 62,220 bales were sent to Japan, the decrease last year being due to the fact that Japan has recently taken to spinning for herself, and has now nearly forty large mills, representing 350,000 spindles, which are shortly to be augmented by the addition of 120,000 more. Two or three other

considerations occur to the mind in regarding this business of an eight hours day. With competition so severe, how is the country to hold up its head again when trade revives—as, let us hope, it will—with an incubus of 14 per cent. added to the cost of production? Again, supposing Parliament refuses to help the operatives to do the irreparable harm they contemplate to the industry their fathers built up, and supposing the operatives had won in the present struggle, how long would it have been before they struck for another advance in wages to recompense them for what they would undoubtedly lose by working, in the meantime, eight hours? For a victory would have meant an actual, if not a legal, eight hours day. The enactment might follow; an advance of wages certainly would, with employers, weakened and demoralized by defeat, and the other side correspondingly elated and strengthened. The basis of settlement precludes all possibility of this, and there are now two good reasons for thinking that the Eight Hours Bill for the cotton trade will not be yet. Mr. Asquith's tone to the deputation that waited upon him recently was not altogether cordial, judging at any rate from the newspaper reports; and, although he promised an authoritative announcement when the measure should come before the House, there is every likelihood that it never will come before the present House. The other reason is that, as we have hinted, the position of the operatives has not been well maintained during the dispute. They have not shown good cause for any change, while, on the other hand, for the maintenance of a standard that they would be the first to protest and fight against if it were in any way inadequate, or if business were good, they have produced a dead lock in the industry; and they have opened the door to foreigners which the future will probably never see shut in their faces again. They have caused an artificial inflation in prices which must react upon the whole trade, themselves included. If the intense distress prevailing among the card- and blowing-room operatives, and among the non-unionists of every sort, cannot be laid to their charge, they have at least to thank themselves for having consolidated the masters' power to a degree hitherto unsuspected, and, as a concomitant, for having spread the lock-out movement among all the bodies affiliated to the Employers' Federation and the short-time movement over the whole of North and North-East Lancashire, thus redoubling the strength of the front opposed to their tyranny.

As to the benefits derived from the contest, it will already be gathered that the operatives have gained nothing. The masters have not gained much directly, for the wage difference can hardly represent to them the difference between making and losing money, and it was only to lighten the almost intolerable burden of their unprofitable trade that a reduction was at all proposed. Indirectly, however, the struggle has not been without advantage, if only for the opportunity it has afforded spinners to clear their warehouses of heavy accumulations of stocked yarn, and for the discrediting of the overweening arrogance of the Operatives' Association. But, after all, the last thing to be said of the dispute is that it should never have occurred, and we question whether the clear start that can now be made will at all compensate for the loss to our spinning and manufacturing trade and the handle given to foreign competitors by the four months' suspension of business. With a continuously decreasing range of operations and possibilities, we cannot afford this kind of thing.

HUGONICA.

WE should say that MM. Taine, Esquiros, and Jusserand were the only Frenchmen who in recent days have written with real knowledge of England and the English. Indeed, the two latter authors are recognized as exceptional authorities on matters industrial or mediæval by Englishmen of wide information and culture. As a rule, the French novelists, in especial, seem to make a parade of their profound and perverse ignorance. We do not expect them to study the language and institutions of this *pays barbare*; but we are surprised that, for the sake of their own reputations, they should not steer clear of perilous and unfamiliar shoals. It is true that they may rely absolutely on the ignorance of their readers; but, in the courtesy on which the French pride themselves, they should surely show a certain consideration for the feelings

and intelligence of their English admirers. We admit that a few, like Gaboriau, Boisgobey, and M. Zola, have the wisdom seldom to venture far beyond their depth. In criminal romance, however, the Parisian police are frequently in relations with their *confrères* of Scotland Yard; and then comes a chance of blundering in proper names of which the ingenious author eagerly avails himself. But it is the bigger men, believing in their own omniscience, or in the intuitions of their genius, who draw most recklessly on inspiration or imagination, and are most conspicuously and gratuitously absurd. Dumas is seldom more delightful—and it is much to say—than when dealing with English geography. We doubt if any English proof-reader would pass a sheet in which the Bidassoa was confounded with the Garonne or Bayonne transported to Bordeaux. But in the *Vicomte de Bragelonne* Northumberland is annihilated; the Tweed runs into the sea at Tyne-mouth, and Gateshead is confronted by Monk's quarters at Coldstream.

Yet it is only a justice to render to the titanic genius of Victor Hugo that Dumas when most delightful is simply nothing to him. In his earliest writings he mingled fact with fiction in a marvellous manner. If his memory did not fail him, imagination played him strange tricks. His *Rhine* is a charming book. It used to be one of our favourite companions in our strolls in Rhineland, before the prosperous industrials, with their villas and tall chimneys, had played the mischief with the Rhine of *Childe Harold*. One evening Hugo rested at Andernach. After supper, so he says, he went out for a stroll, and was suddenly awakened from his musings by the vision of a shadowy pyramid. He read the inscription by the pale moonlight, and found it was the tomb of Hoche, one of his "cherished revolutionary heroes." Now, the monument to Hoche happens to be at Weisssturm, and the distance from Hugo's inn is a fair stretch for a muscular Briton. No one will persuade us that the romantic young Frenchman can have stepped out in such fashion after a heavy supper. Possibly he had seen the tomb in a vision of the night, though, owning his ignorance of military history, he declares he did not know that Hoche had been buried there. Advanced in years, and at the height of his literary glory, he proclaimed his right to set facts at defiance. *A propos* of which we might relate an illustrative anecdote—how, confounding the airs of "Bonny Dundee" and "Bonny Doon," he insisted he must be in the right, because *c'est moi—Victor Hugo—qui le dit*. When Dumas stumbles into queer mistakes, he might plead that he knew personally nothing of England or the English. Hugo for many years had made his home in the Channel Islands, and he brought out his *Travailleurs de la Mer* as the fruit of long and minute observation. The prolixity of the book, with digression grafted on interminable digression, in the accomplished writer's irritating manner, is much more than redeemed by the brilliant passages and impressive dramatic scenes. But he is always being tempted into elaborate displays of exact local knowledge which no one would expect or believe him to possess. See, he seems to say, the range and flexibility of a genius with the force of a sledge-hammer and the delicacy of a pair of tweezers! He maps out the dangerous seas which surround these storm-beaten islands, traces the courses of the swift and treacherous currents, lays down each shoal and sand-bank, and gives the contours of the weather-worn rocks in graphic outline. Gilliat himself is scarcely more at home in these waters, yet, arguing from analogies, we should be sorry to steer by a chart constructed from the *Travailleurs*. Though, indeed, in a famous passage in the chapter "L'Ecueil," he gives us English assurance of his precision. At the moment of his writing, as he tells us, a burst of the equinox had demolished the "*Falaise Première des Quatre—First of the Fourth*." And he adds, Dumas-like, that the "Fourth" is on the borders of England and Scotland. Gilliat, while toiling over his *sauvetage* on the rocks of the seafowl, naturally goes in for rough cooking. But we do not know that a respectable and industrious, although primitive, community would be flattered, and they would certainly be surprised, when the roasting crabs in the shells between a couple of heated stones is said to be in the manner of the *gens sauvages* of the Faroe Isles. It seems clear that Hugo's fancy has confounded the worthy Faroe folk with the cannibals and rat-devourers of the Southern Pacific. Gilliat learns on his rock to be wonderfully wise about the weather; in fact, he is become "what they call in English a wheater-wise." He blocks a narrow passage

against the waves "with what they call in England a dick." Incidentally Hugo throws new lights on zoology. In a highly poetical chapter on the winds, he sets the great auk flying on the gales of Nova Scotia. As matter of fact, that remarkable fowl was surnamed *Impennis*, and owed its premature extinction to having merely the imperfect rudiments of pinions, so that it could only escape its persecutors by swimming and diving. And when Gilliat comes back successful from his daring venture to claim the hand of the beautiful Déruchette, Old Lethierry welcomes him cordially with a "Good-bye, Captain Gilliat!" By the way, "welcome" is spelt everywhere with a superfluous *l*, but that is a trifle of orthographical detail.

We have been hurried forward to the end of the novel; but the earlier volumes are full of unconscious facetie. "Castle Carey," as a solecism, is converted into Carey Castle, although there are precedents in profusion for the actual arrangement in England, and more especially in Ireland. The Sieur Clubin, who must have been somewhat more of a polyglot than M. Hugo, can talk English fluently to the "smoglers." A reason the more is suggested for Gilliat being evilly regarded by his superstitious neighbours when we are told he is in the habit of disturbing the nights with the shrill screams of the bugpipe. Indeed "the bugpipe" gives the name to a section of the novel. Then Hugo proceeds to dress a Highlander, and M. Worth could not have given freer rein to his fancy. The wandering Celt who sold the national instrument of torture to Gilliat must have been a travestied dunewassel, for he sported a bonnet decorated with a thistle instead of an eagle's feather. He wore likewise a "scilt" or "philaberg," adorned with the "purse-sporran" and the "smushing mull." He had a sword—whatever that may be—as well as an *épée*; he carried a dirck (*sic*) as well as a skene dhu. When subsequently the versatile and exceptionally well-informed romancist launches out in a dissertation on the nicknames with which Americans flatter their favourite celebrities, he makes his American tourist, who should surely have known better, talk of General "Ninfield Scott," who, after a mysterious victory won over the English at Chippeway, was in such haste to satisfy a healthy appetite that he won for himself the world-known *sobriquet* of Quick-a-plate-of-soup. There is a highly instructive discussion on the hard-and-fast order of precedence prevailing among English classes. With infallible precision Hugo defines the differences between the much-prostituted Mister and the Esquire; he informs us that the Scottish "laird" is equivalent to the English lord, and that there are *pairs d'Angleterre*, who take rank above the marquis and the duke. The great author's knowledge of constitutional law is unparalleled on this side of the Channel, and in marshalling the privileged at coronations and solemn Court functions, he might have given points to the oldest officials of the Lord Chamberlain's department and to the almost omniscient editors of *Burke* or *Debrett*.

MONEY MATTERS.

ON entering office the new American Government opened negotiations with the Messrs. Rothschild, and probably with others, to ascertain on what terms they would agree to bring out a gold loan in London. But if the report of the interview with President Cleveland, published by the *New York Mail*, is correct, the President has decided not to proceed further with the matter at present. And it is easy to understand his reasons. The credit of the United States stands so high that he believes he ought to be able to borrow at 3 per cent., or even less. But it would be very difficult, indeed, to place any considerable amount of American bonds in London which should yield the investor less than 3 per cent., for it is to be recollected that the bonds would be sold for the express purpose of taking gold from London, and, therefore, disturbing the London market. On that ground alone an arrangement is difficult. Yet further, the President's main object in borrowing in London rather than at home is to attract gold from Europe; therefore he desires some kind of an arrangement which should prevent the sale of the bonds in New York. But it would be foolish on the part of any issuing house to bind itself not to sell the bonds for any considerable time unless it received some consideration for doing so. Evidently, if the bonds were subscribed for in the open market, there would be no means of preventing

investors from selling, and a number of banks would hardly bind themselves not to sell, whatever might happen, unless they were well paid for doing so. It is reasonably certain that the bonds would be bought up by American bankers, if it were possible; for the bonds could be lodged by the national banks in the Treasury as security for notes, and the notes could be employed in lending and discounting; therefore the bonds would be far more valuable to American bankers than to European investors. For the moment, therefore, there is a hitch in the negotiations; but it is possible, of course, that they may be renewed at any moment, and that the issue may take place. It will be noted that the President says he is prepared to issue bonds if it becomes necessary; probably he will ultimately decide to issue them at home. The national banks are eager that he should do so. They have offered to subscribe freely, because, as already said, they would not only receive interest on the bonds, but would receive interest likewise on the notes issued against the bonds. But issuing at home would not increase the amount of gold in the United States, and, of course, would not stop exports of gold, whereas if the loan were made in Europe, the proceeds could either be taken to the United States or used in Europe to pay debts due by the United States in Europe. For the present President Cleveland thinks he will not need to issue bonds. The banks all over the country are providing him with as much of the metal as he needs. Owing to the widespread distrust, the banks in the interior for months past have been withdrawing their deposits from New York. They usually keep all their surplus money in New York, as our own provincial, Irish, and Scotch banks keep their surplus money in London. But since the currency crisis has become acute, the banks have been withdrawing their deposits in very large amounts. The Treasury has undertaken to convey the deposits from New York to any part of the interior free of charge, if the New York banks lodge an equivalent amount of gold in the Treasury. The Treasury, of course, pays out notes and retains the gold. Moreover, the banks, in their very proper desire to support the Government, are exchanging gold against Treasury notes. In the ordinary course of business throughout the Union, there is very little either of gold or silver used; the currency practically consists of paper. So far as the banks in the remote districts are concerned, therefore, they have little actual need for hard cash, and they appear to be loyally anxious to support the Government by exchanging their gold for its notes. As long as this continues the Government will be able to pay its way and to maintain the reserves which it is required to keep. But it must not be lost sight of all the same that the Government is running up an inconveniently large floating debt. Every note that it issues for any purpose may be presented for encashment in gold at any moment, and, therefore, should a panic arise, the help given by the banks may prove to be unavailing. Much, doubtless, will depend upon whether the exports of gold to Europe continue on a large scale. If they do, the Government will have to go on borrowing gold in some form or other either at home or abroad, and its constant action in that way must intensify apprehension and may eventually create panic. Nor is it to be forgotten that 4½ million ozs. of silver have to be bought and paid for every month, that the payments are made in Treasury notes, and that thus the circulation, which is already redundant, is being increased monthly by about a million sterling. It is impossible that such an immense amount of paper can continue in active employment. It will be returned to the treasury and gold taken out in its place, and will be shipped to Europe to pay for whatever people care to buy. That is one of the reasons why the imports into the United States at the present time are on such a very great scale. The McKinley Tariff was adopted for the very purpose of shutting out European competition; but, in spite of the McKinley Tariff, the imports are on an enormous scale—larger than they were last year or the year before—and so the indebtedness of the United States to the rest of the world is rapidly increasing. The President, in the interview referred to, says he will not call an extra Session of Congress, because Congress would not repeal the Silver Purchase Act. If so, nothing can be done until December, and it is quite possible that before then gold may have disappeared from the circulation, and practically only silver and paper remain.

To outward appearance the money market is fairly quiet, but under the surface it is really apprehensive. According to the interview with President Cleveland, above referred

to—which has not been contradicted—the President does not intend to call Congress together this year; therefore, no change can be made, and at any moment there may be serious trouble. A panic in a country in which we are so largely interested could not fail to have a great influence upon our own market. Then again, the withdrawals from the French Savings Banks are becoming seriously large. It is possible that they may not have the significance attached to them, but if they have, nobody can foresee what may happen. In Spain bankruptcy is only a question of time. And in Melbourne this week there has been a serious run upon no fewer than four banks, banks which have received in this country very large amounts of deposits, and which have been employing those deposits in lending recklessly upon lands, houses, mines, and the like. The troubles may all abate, and we may be near a better state of things; but all concerned in the money market need to act with the greatest caution and prudence.

The silver market is somewhat weaker. On Wednesday the India Council refused to sell below 1s. 2½d. per rupee its bills and telegraphic transfers, and consequently was able to dispose of only a portion of what it offered for tender. Naturally the outlook in the United States is so grave that all engaged in the silver market are acting cautiously. The demand for India, too, is declining. It has been very active for a considerable time, but there are signs now that the Indian export trade is somewhat falling off.

Upon the Stock Exchange business is utterly stagnant. A few reckless operators, in the hope of snatching a profit in some way or other, are inclined to speculate wildly. It is to be hoped that the public will not be led away by their blandishments. Trade all over the world is depressed. There is distrust everywhere. Troubles are only too probable in some of the leading countries; and if the troubles come there must be a fall in prices, which, indeed, in many cases are altogether too high. The investor, therefore, will do well not to take too sanguine a view. If he waits, he will probably be able to employ his money to much greater advantage by-and-by. For the time being he should especially avoid Continental, American, Australian, and silver securities. There has been somewhat of a rise during the week in Argentine securities, which appears to us quite unjustified. Unquestionably the country is improving; but politics are in a very bad state, and the Government is not acting straightforwardly either towards its creditors or towards the railway Companies to which it has given guarantees. One of the railway Companies submitted its dispute with the Government to arbitration, and the decision has been received favourably in London. To us it seems anything but favourable. Practically it comes to this, that the Company is bound to pay to the Government half its gross receipts every half-year. But the Company's working expenses considerably exceed half its gross receipts. How, therefore, can it afford to hand over as profits to the Government money it has spent in working its line? There is talk, too, of a plan of compounding the guarantees; but it is really only a suggestion, does not come from the Government, and as yet is in the air. There has likewise been a rise in Brazilian securities on the rumour that a new loan is being prepared for. The investor will do well to have nothing to do with such a loan if it is brought out. The Paris Bourse is very quiet, but an attempt is made to raise the prices of Spanish stocks, apparently in the hope that the great Paris bankers may be able to sell to the public. If the attempt succeeds, the Paris market will be closed to Spain, and then bankruptcy will not be far off. On the other hand, there is much elation in Austria. The recent gold loan was a remarkable success. The Government is anxious to follow it up with another instalment of the loan; the market consequently is in a very hopeful spirit, and speculation is becoming rampant. The speculation has extended to Germany; but in Germany business is bad and politics are not smooth, and a considerable rise, therefore, can hardly be maintained.

The Board of Trade returns for February are very disappointing, even allowing for the fact that there was one day more in February of last year. Trade everywhere is bad, and wages are being lowered in all directions. Happily, the fears that lately existed of extensive strikes have been dissipated. The working classes see that the time is not favourable for resistance, and generally they are wisely submitting to the inevitable.

At the half-yearly shareholders' meeting of the Bank of England on Thursday the Governor stated that the debt

due from the Baring estate to the Bank had been reduced during the past six months about 600,000*l.*, bringing it down to about 4½ millions. Valuing the assets at the quotations of the 1st of this month, where quotations could be got, and very low where they could not, he estimated that there would be a final surplus of about 350,000*l.*, if the estate is carefully nursed. He announced that the renewal of the guarantees for two years had been completed.

Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at 98½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. In the Home Railway market there has been an almost general advance, most marked in the Deferred stocks. Thus, Brighton "A" closed on Thursday at 153½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 2½; South-Eastern "A" closed at 76, a rise of 1½; Great Western Ordinary closed at 160½, a rise of ½; North-Western closed at 169½, a rise of 1; and Midland closed at 156½, a rise of 1½. In the American market, on the other hand, there has been an almost universal fall. Erie Preference shares closed on Thursday at 48½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2; Atchison Second Mortgage bonds closed at 54½, a fall of ½; Milwaukee shares closed at 77½, a fall of 1½; Louisville and Nashville shares closed at 74½, a fall of 1½; Lake Shore shares closed at 128½, a fall of 1½; and New York Central shares closed at 107½, a fall of as much as 4½. The fall in this stock is mainly due to the large increase in the capital decided upon by the directors. Argentine railway stocks have risen very sharply. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed on Thursday at 79-81, a rise of as much as 4 compared with the preceding Thursday; Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 119-121, a rise of 2; and Central Argentine closed at 68½, a rise of 2½. Argentine Government Five per Cents closed at 67½, a rise of 3½; and the Funding loan closed at 68½, a rise of 4½. Brazilian Four and a Half closed at 76, a rise of 1½. Egyptian Unified have at last gone above par. They closed on Thursday at 100½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. Greeks of '81 closed at 71, a fall of ½.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE EXHIBITION.

WITH something like seven hundred works shown at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, it is satisfactory to note a fair amount, quite an average proportion indeed, of accomplishment and distinction, and not at all surprising that, with this adequate gathering of notable drawings, there should be a crowd of exemplars of the laborious expression of the commonplace. Even from an exhibition standpoint, excellence in water-colours is much rarer than excellence in oils. The merely dexterous hand has a more restricted field in water-colours, where the means, if more limited, are more exacting. Hence it is that the showy, intolerable water-colour drawing is far less popular with the public than the bad painting, unless, perchance, it passes through the hands of the great populariser—the engraver. At the Institute this year some of the members who are wont to be regular exhibitors send work that is excellently representative, and many are represented by drawings which, though excellent also, are in all respects iterative of past examples. We look for them in the accustomed place, and find them precisely there, and in the accustomed vein. In "Mrs. J. T. Wimperis" (380) we have an accomplished and dignified portrait by Sir James Linton, who also shows two smaller studies, one of which—the head, in profile, "Anthea" (235)—is beautiful in colour and charming in effect. The poetry of architecture, to use Mr. Ruskin's phrase, is still Mr. Fulleylove's subject of study; and here are some admirable examples—Venetian for the most part—of cathedral and palace and piazza (95, 200, 259) worthy to rank with the artist's finest productions. In his "Seaford" (265) and "Lewes" (240) Mr. Hine, the painter of the Sussex downs, shows his skill as of old, and may be said to renew his youth. Costume subjects once more engage Mr. G. G. Kilburne, whose dainty and refined drawings of elegant young people in the dress of the last century-end—"Tea-time" (9) and "A Christmas Story" (564)—are as attractive and well composed as any of their kind. Pictures of incident, sentimental and humorous, or that tell a story, or are inspired by some such

popular intent, are, perhaps, less abundant than usual. The comic episode of sport is represented by Mr. A. C. Corbould's vivacious drawing of a stout hunting man pursuing a lively steed—"A Man as Young as he Feels" (306). Mr. Lucien Davis depicts the energy with which young ladies play games in "Hockey" (313), and if it is thus that they play, it must be a gruesome sight to witness. Mr. J. C. Dollman's excellent highwayman reappears in a new adventure—"Shearing the Lambs" (282) it is called—wherein he is represented as receiving purse and reticule and other trifles from certain pretty girls who are inefficiently guarded by a stern-faced duenna and a small dog. Scarcely less popular is the theme treated by Mr. Grierson in "Old Folks at Home" (11), a domestic interior, wherein the effect of firelight playing on the figures in the dusky room is skilfully rendered. Full of charm is Mr. Charles Green's "Sir Roger de Coverley" (262), a delightful drawing of graceful and vivacious young people engaged in the old-fashioned dance, and attired in the becoming dress of early Georgian years.

Much of the landscape work is excellent. "Haymaking and Harvest" (121) and "A Winter's Eve" (504) may be selected from several fine studies by Mr. Claude Hayes as notable for beauty of colour and subtlety of expression. Moonlight, which transfigures and beautifies all things, is perhaps never so potent in attraction to the landscape-painter as when it is veiled in vapours and accompanied by clouds and the shadows of clouds. Mr. Alfred East's "Moonlit Harbour, Hayle" (516), and Mr. R. B. Nisbet's "Moonlit Moorland" (524) differ in the atmospheric conditions presented, but not in the masterly treatment of the subject. "A Rough Heath" (96) and "A Moorland Stream" (376) are capital sketches of wind-swept wastes and spacious firmament of grey cloud by Mr. Wimperis. Mr. Walton's "Tintagel" (377) is a somewhat literal transcript, and far less interesting than his two small studies of the Channel waters (10 and 16). Mr. Edwin Bale's Italian landscapes "Florence" (239) and "Fiesole" (360) are interesting drawings from a pictorial standpoint—the foreground of the second is a notable element in a skilful composition—and admirable for the treatment of diffused sunlight in the wide landscape, the unifying influence of which suggests the "universal sun" of the Shelleyan landscape. Among other noteworthy drawings, we must mention Mr. Huson's "Donegal Harvesters" (22); Mr. Weedon's "Stacking Hay, Pulborough" (84); Mr. Anderson Hague's fine study of a rocky woodland river "After Rain" (14); Miss Helen O'Hara's charming and finely-harmonized "Among the Larches" (129); Mr. W. F. Hulk's vivacious, well-observed "Going Home" (192); Mr. E. J. Gregory's excellent study of the "still vex" sea, "Peveril Point" (266); and Miss Kate Whitley's admirable still-life studies, "Limpets" and "Shells" (426 and 434).

RAILWAY MONOPOLIES.

THAT railways are a monopoly is commonly taken for granted; and as from this assumed fact there flow important consequences of practical treatment, it is worth while examining the foundation on which the assumption rests. A monopoly is defined in the dictionary as "an exclusive right of selling." The London Gas Companies, therefore, whose Acts of Parliament confer on them an exclusive right to sell gas in parts of London, are strictly and literally monopolies. That railways are not monopolies in this sense needs no argument. Legally they have an exclusive title to nothing except their own freehold property, into which, it may be added, Parliament does not hesitate to thrust from time to time a new co-tenant against their will, on conditions which, if applied to any other freeholder, would be rightly regarded as arbitrary to the last degree. But if not a legal, railways may yet possess what Mill and other economists describe as a practical or virtual monopoly. Without adopting the paradoxical language of Mr. Atkinson, who declares that railways have no monopoly, because America is a free country, and every man has a right to wheel his own portmanteau along the high road from Boston to Chicago, we may yet question whether the facts bear out this theory. Certainly, the exceptions from it are not unimportant. The omnibuses, for example, have fought and worsted the London underground lines. Or, again, the reduction of the return fares from London to the North of Scotland, every summer, to something like half

their winter level is a sufficiently public confession that—in fine weather, at least—railways along the sea coast have no monopoly of even long-distance passenger traffic. "It is probable," says Sir Thomas Farrer in *The State in its Relation to Trade*, "that the competition which really exists [between railways and the sea], especially for goods traffic, has been somewhat underrated." The Joint Committee of the two Houses, in 1872, thought that three-fifths of all the English railway traffic had to face sea competition.

So far we have been regarding railways as a whole. If we regard a single company by itself the case is much clearer. There is hardly one important town in the country at which two or more lines do not compete. And even more important than the competition of existing lines is the potential competition of lines not yet constructed. For, whatever may have been the policy of Parliament a generation back, it is nowadays notorious that a new company, with reasonable local and financial support, is certain of getting its Act. So thoroughly conscious are the existing companies of this, that of late years they have almost ceased to oppose new undertakings, except indirectly or on points of detail. It will perhaps be said that such competition of new lines is commercially impossible; that the railway companies know this, and are, therefore, for practical purposes, in the position of monopolists. But such a reply gives away the entire case. On this reasoning there are few undertakings that are not monopolies. "An apple stand," says an American writer, "is a monopoly up to the point when it begins to pay." The existing railways have undoubtedly secured the best locations; they have also the advantage of a long-established connexion. But is this practical monopoly? Have Bond Street shopkeepers a monopoly because the number of Bond Street shops is limited? Have London bankers a monopoly because there is no room for newcomers in the Bankers' Clearing House? Or, again, is a newspaper a virtual monopoly? A newly-established journal which should fill twenty columns *per diem* with the proceedings of the House of Commons would bankrupt its proprietor, were he a Rothschild or an Astor, in a twelvemonth. The *Times* can do it because it is the *Times*. Is the *Times*, therefore, a practical monopoly?

Another reason for regarding railway Companies as monopolists, and liable as such to exceptional treatment, is found in the fact that they are armed with powers to take land compulsorily, and to dispossess its tenants, freeholders, leaseholders, and occupiers alike. Such exceptional powers, it is argued, must surely imply exceptional duties; but the argument will not hold water for a moment. The only privilege conferred upon the railway Company is the privilege of paying for such land as it requires twice or three times its market value. Compulsory powers are conferred, not for the benefit of the purchaser, but for the benefit of the public at large, just as much where a company of promoters builds a new line, as where a School Board schedules land under the Education Act, or a Local Board carries a sewer across private ground under the Public Health Act. Every railway Act that passes recites in its preamble that it would be for the public benefit that the line should be made; and even if Mr. Gladstone had not told us what reverence is due to the recital of a preamble, every one familiar with the procedure in reference to Private Bills knows that promoters are required to prove the allegations in the preamble before the rest of the Bill is discussed at all. What is more, so entirely is the public interest made the ground for the grant of compulsory powers, that a Standing Order of the House of Lords distinctly provides for striking them out if the "direct object is to serve private interests in any lands, mines, manufactories, or other property."

Let us look at the matter from yet another point of view. Monopoly revenue, according to Professor Marshall's *Principles of Economics*, is "the amount by which the dividends are in excess of what may fairly be allowed as interest and insurance." The average revenue of English railways is 4 per cent. Let us say that 3 per cent. of this is commercial interest. Seeing that more than fifty millions of existing railway capital produces no return at all, while scores of millions of pounds spent on railways in this country have been altogether wiped out under schemes of reconstruction or sale, we shall hardly err on the side of exaggeration if we say that another one per cent. per annum ought to be allowed as insurance for risk of loss. But three and one together make four. Where, then, is the monopoly revenue of English railways?

Does this line of argument, then, bring us to the conclusion that railroading is an ordinary business like shopkeeping; that the State has no more right to interfere in the management of railways than in the management of butchers' or bakers' shops? By no means. Had such a result been reached, however perfect might be the logical processes employed, common sense would instinctively revolt from the conclusion and feel that a fallacy must lurk somewhere. Regulation can be justified on other grounds than monopoly. Cabs and pilots are licensed all over the civilized world; cab fares and pilotage dues are everywhere fixed by public authority. Neither cabmen nor pilots have a monopoly in any ordinary sense of the word; but, as against individual customers at particular moments, they have something very like it. A captain, making for port in a storm, can hardly bargain as a free agent with the pilot, nor even a lady with a cabman, when caught in a shower in a new dress. Regulation of railway traffics may be abundantly justified on analogous principles, while interference to inspect bridges, signalling appliances, brakes, and so forth, is obviously in line with Factory Acts, Smoke Prevention Acts, and other laws too numerous to mention. To justify the right of the State to regulate there is no need to invoke the principle of monopoly at all.

But it may be said, "What is the practical importance of the question whether railway regulation by the State be justified on the analogy of gas-works, or on that of cabs and pilots?" It matters a great deal, for, while no one has yet proposed to lay any special tax, or to impose any obligation implying pecuniary sacrifices, on cab-owners or pilots, the monopoly revenue of a gas company is in quite a different position. Ability to pay is the best test of the equity of any form of taxation; and a revenue obtained from a monopoly is obviously exceptionally able to bear taxation! No one can object to the special form of taxation imposed upon gas companies by Act of Parliament, which obliges them in the first place to sell all new stock in the market to the highest bidder, and so keeps down the total amount of capital on which interest has to be paid; and, in the second place, requires that an increase of price to the consumer shall be accompanied, not by an increase, but by a decrease of dividend to the shareholder. If, then, railway companies be monopolies, possessing a monopoly revenue, the existing method of treating them is right; if the analogy of cabs and pilots holds, it is wrong. Take a specific instance. The obligation to carry workmen at nominal fares—an obligation whose weight on the railway companies is increasing year by year—has never yet been laid on the proprietors of cabs or omnibuses; in their case no one would attempt to justify it. In the case of a tramway company it can be amply justified as part of the rent paid for a practically exclusive use of a portion of the public street. But how justify it in the case of a railway, which provides its road at its own sole expense? Take another instance. The Chairman of the Great Northern Railway complained a few days back that between Imperial taxation and local rates—these latter levied in an exceptionally burdensome manner—his company paid for public purposes the equivalent of one per cent. of the shareholder's dividend. But the Metropolitan District paid nearly 30,000*l.* in rates and taxes; while its ordinary shareholders received not one single penny. Now, as far as existing companies are concerned, it may be said fairly enough that they have no title to complain; they knew what they had to expect, and deliberately took their Acts on these terms. This view, however, takes no account of the influence exerted by these conditions in hindering railway enterprise, which it may be in the public interest to encourage. For example, the weight of taxation is one main reason which for years past has checked the development of underground railways in London, and, even apart from all questions of comparative convenience, it is bad economy from the ratepayer's point of view to displace railway companies maintaining their own road at their own expense by omnibus companies wearing out gratis roads maintained at the public charge. Or, again, taxes on locomotion have been abandoned in every instance except the railway passenger duty. One curious, though unrecognized, effect of that duty has been, in some cases, just to turn the scale in favour of the abolition of second-class carriages, and so to deprive large numbers of people of accommodation to which they have been accustomed.

There is no need to adduce further examples. The main

point here put forward for consideration is that railway undertakings are not monopolies in the sense in which the word is usually understood; that they have received no exclusive privileges or pecuniary benefits from the public, such as would entitle the public to demand exceptional concessions from them, or to impose exceptional obligations on them in return; that the function of the State is, therefore, not to tax, but merely to regulate; to make, in other words, on behalf of each member of the public individually just such a bargain as the commercial conditions of the case would enable him to make for himself if circumstances permitted him to combine, on each occasion, with all the other customers of the railway, and so to bargain with the Company on tolerably equal terms.

MILITARY ADVERTISEMENT.

THE science of military advertisement, like Caesar's Gaul, possesses three main divisions:—first, the advertisement proper, or authorized; second, the advertisement improper, or unauthorized; third, the advertisement objective, or sky-sign. Of these three classes the first and second can, to some extent, be treated simultaneously; the third comprises a study of too great scope for inclusion in the same article.

When the British officer seriously embraces the study of his profession (euphemistic for entering the Staff College), he becomes aware, probably for the first time, that there is somewhere existent a duly authorized list of the journals, &c., in which military advertisements are allowed to appear; and, should he subsequently retain sufficient interest in the matter to keep an eye on the proper quarter, he discovers that this list is occasionally altered by addition or subtraction. If he further extends his researches beyond the bald details of invitations to tender for boots, soft soap, blankets, and the other somewhat uninteresting, though important, items which render life a joy to the departmental and a burden to the regimental officer, he gradually begins to suspect that there exists, side by side with the authorized, another and officially unrecognized system of advertisement which forms a curious study and a lasting source of enjoyment. This latter presents the somewhat remarkable feature of being, so far as appearances show, purely gratuitous; and to publish a list in the *London Gazette* or elsewhere of the papers in which its items are "allowed to appear" might possibly involve a collision with the majesty of the law, or, still worse, of the Promotion Committee.

The wearers of Her Majesty's uniform are, for sound reasons, debarred from allowing themselves to be "complimented by testimonials," and it is, therefore, to be presumed that the subjects of these "testimonials" (it has a pleasanter sound than "advertisements") are innocent of all complicity in their appearance.

They seldom bear internal evidence of their origin, and there is a want of periodicity in their occurrence, and an apparent lack of method in their intentions, sufficient to cause despair in the most devoted unraveller of cipher. Their only common features are, broadly speaking, the use of those detestable catchwords "a modern soldier," or "a true modern soldier," and an impression on the part of their concocters that Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and his "school," are responsible for every mistake committed by all and sundry of all ranks since the year of grace 1815, including Maiwand, Isandhlwana, and Majuba.

Sometimes they take the form of a biography in a "professional" weekly; sometimes of short paragraphs in the Service Intelligence of a daily paper; sometimes of an article in a serial—military or otherwise. They are of all complexions, and of as many shapes as Proteus, and agree only in their sneers at the mass of the army, and in their suggestion that their gifted subject is the length of the Beacon Course ahead of his time and his contemporaries. At times their period for appearing is a little suspicious.

Does the time for vacating the command in Central Africa draw nigh, we have a full, more or less true, and very particular account of the services of the G.O.C. in Tierra del Fuego, with a sly dash of mud on the pretensions of the most dangerous competitor from Uganda.

Is there a new appointment to be made to the Commander

in-Chiefship in Thibet, we learn that it was high time that the spread of modern ideas of soldiering should extend to that benighted region, and that *now*, at last, the idle regimental officer will have to stand on his hind-legs, and walk backwards round the area. It is fortunate that, as a rule, the idle regimental officer finds in the ring-master a kindly and courteous English gentleman, with a weakness for field sports and a whip, used mainly, as in other circuses, for the impression of his own importance on the gallery.

To the performers all this matters little; they have "been there before," and value it at its true worth; but the outside public, who pay for the seats, are apt to go away with the idea that they have been watching the only possible ring-master, and that his lines have fallen in hard places in having to deal with so incompetent a troupe, and to wonder whether they have not paid too dear for the spectacle. Who the advertisers are, and what the nature of their remuneration, remains, and is likely to remain, an insoluble problem; that they have a purpose and hope for a reward is suggested by even the slightest acquaintance with fallen humanity, but the system under which they live and move and have their being constitutes a serious danger to the army and to the impartial formation of a judgment on military subjects by the non-military world.

THE THEATRES.

IF Mr. and Mrs. Kendal were none too fortunate in selecting *A White Lie* wherewith to begin their season at the Avenue, they have hardly bettered matters by their second choice, *The Ironmaster*. This tawdry play comes back to us after a considerable lapse of time with all its defects standing out more glaringly than ever. It is, indeed, difficult to believe the unquestionable fact that less than ten years ago it met with some measure of critical approval. That Mr. Pinero's work betrays itself at every turn as an extremely bald and unskilful translation is of small importance compared with the artificial air of M. Ohnet's drama and the ludicrously false ring of the sentiment. There is no need at this time of day to repeat our original opinion of the play, an opinion which the lapse of years and the quality of the representation have only tended to confirm. Mrs. Kendal, of course, resumes her old part, that of Claire. The influence of the American tours, however, is still strongly upon her, and although the forced skittishness which disfigured her acting in *A White Lie* is no longer apparent—indeed, there is here no opportunity for its display—the softness is gone from her voice, which is now hard, coarse, and unsympathetic. At no time was her personal presence such as to make her a perfect representative of the daughter of an aristocratic French house; her style has always been far too essentially British, and her appeal has always been directly to the heart of the British middle class. Nothing short of fascination on the part of the artist could commend Claire to our sympathies, and here that fascination is entirely wanting. Mrs. Kendal's whole manner has undergone a change—not for the better, in any case, and with fatal result in this. Putting aside the shock which her most fervent admirers must have felt at the violence of her passion of tears in the second act, more like the action of a petulant child than of a rational, mature woman, it must not be forgotten that Claire is essentially patrician, or the play loses half its meaning, and the relations of the characters are hopelessly dislocated. Mrs. Kendal not only fails to fulfil this condition, but in the quarrel scene with Athenais her demeanour is emphatically not such as would be adopted by any reasonably well-bred woman, in her own drawing-room or elsewhere. Mr. Kendal is by no means happily fitted as Derblay; he works conscientiously to make us believe in the character, but in his case, as in Mrs. Kendal's, the artificiality of the whole thing is obvious throughout. The very qualities which generally commend Mr. Macklin to us, his frank candour and solidity, tell against him as the Duc de Bligny. Miss Annie Irish, barring a growing mannerism, makes a good Beronne de Préfont; but the introduction of Miss Adrienne Dairrolles—speaking with a strong French accent—as Athenais, into a cast speaking ordinary English, appears to be a mistake. Mr. Oscar Adye plays well as Préfont; Mr. Gilbert Farquhar, as Bechelin, affords the one instance in the company of a good French make-up, and really succeeds in merging his own individuality in that of the part.

Mr. J. E. Dodson's little study of Moulinot is by no means destitute of humour, and Mr. H. Nye Chart's stage-bearing and virile manner seem to indicate that he may have a useful career open to him. The performance generally pointed to the conclusion that the company no more believed in the play than did the audience.

Mr. Pinero calls his latest effort, *The Amazons*, produced at the Court Theatre on Tuesday night, a "farical romance." The style of composition is entirely new to the writer, and is more obviously farical than romantic, except in so far as the absolute improbability of the central idea may entitle it to the latter epithet. It looks very much as if Mr. Pinero, in presenting us with a picture of a family of girls dressed and brought up as boys, were attempting an incursion into the territory of Mr. Gilbert's fairy extravaganzas; but, if that be the case, he cannot be congratulated on any very brilliant success. If, on the other hand, he has merely sought to prove that girls will be girls, even in the garments of the rougher sex, the result seems scarcely adequate to the labour bestowed upon it. In any case, the discussion of even superficial differences between the young of both sexes, and the comparisons which must arise in the circumstances in which he has placed these young ladies, require extremely delicate and tactful treatment to avoid offence. Not a very good beginning is made when their mother, whose wish to be the mother of boys has been thwarted, quotes the saying of her late husband on the birth of her first daughter, "D—n it, Miriam, we have lost a whole season's hunting for nothing." Nothing quite so strong as this follows, but it is impossible to avoid feeling that the author is fully conscious that he is dealing with a ticklish subject, in which a slip may be feared at any moment. In the three damsels he has given us attractive young people enough; but the main character-drawing of the piece is in the three young men who come down to surprise them in the seclusion of their own park—Lord Litterly, who has pulled one of the girls through a very awkward adventure, in which she has become involved through stopping out late at night in the West End in a man's evening dress; Lord Tweenayes, a diminutive, not to say stunted, aristocrat, full of the traditions of his own family, and the Comte de Grival, an obvious Frenchman who thinks that he is English to the finger-tips. The first of these is simply the ordinary young lover; the second, with his intolerable references to what "we" do or do not do, would be pretty amusing in the capable hands of Mr. Weedon Grossmith with half his lines, and the third is simply a modern version of the old low-comedy Frenchman. He, too, might be cut down with advantage. The perversions of English proverbs put into his mouth are extremely unequal, but some of them are miracles of feebleness. The part was, however, capitally played by Mr. Elliott. The first act practically exhausts the fun of the fair; the close of the second gives promise of a rather pretty little love story; but the third, in which the mother returns to find all her daughters actively flirting with male things, is mainly of the quality of pantomime rally, and in the matter of dialogue the author shows nowhere at his highest level. Miss Lily Hanbury, heavily but earnestly; Miss Ellaline Terriss, gracefully and piquantly, and Miss Pattie Browne boldly and slangily, played the betrousered young ladies. Mr. Fred Kerr was, very acceptably, Mr. Fred Kerr as Lord Litterly; Miss Rose Leclercq's gifts were thrown away on the Marchioness, and Miss Marianne Caldwell represented a female martinet with most diverting effect.

At the Royalty Theatre Ibsen pure and simple, in the shape of *A Doll's House*, succeeds the Ibsenish *Alexandra*, Miss Achurch resuming the part of Nora Helmer, in which she has already won high distinction. Mr. Charrington still plays his second choice, Torvald, with a decided improvement in the earlier and lighter scenes. His place as Rank is now taken by Mr. W. R. Staveley, who goes through the part creditably. Mr. Herbert Flemming's Krogstad is an extremely forcible performance, but he seems hardly villain enough to quite fulfil the author's intention. Miss Carlotta Addison's experience and sound method combined to produce an excellent Mrs. Linden. Miss Achurch's admirable impersonation of the perverse waywardness of Nora is too well known to call for further remark.

REVIEWS.

THE BARONAGE AND THE SENATE.*

IT is, perhaps, wrong, but it is certainly human, in the reviewer of a book with the above title to scan its table of contents and turn at once to that chapter, midway in the volume, which is headed "The Need for Reform." Yet, if human, it is in this instance unfortunately, like the gratification of some other instincts of humanity, a mistake. For the result of this plunge in *medias res* is to land us in the two following statements:—"The only true and historic Toryism is Tory Democracy," and "Admitting for the sake of argument that the Liberal party in Great Britain may have a grievance against the House of Lords as regards domestic legislation, their true remedy for a state of things so deeply deplorable lies not in wrecking the Constitution and the Empire, but in" (a notable way to avoid the aforesaid wrecking) "the establishment of local Legislatures for English, Scottish, and Irish affairs, thus enabling the governing body of the Empire to become representative of the whole British nation, in the British Colonies no less than the British Isles." Now, inasmuch as the former of these two sentences directly indicates that Mr. William Charteris Macpherson is a Tory Democrat, and the latter at least suggests that, if not himself bitten with the folly of Particularism, he is one of those well-meaning but short-sighted Federationists of whom the "disinterested objector to the Empire" too often gets hold and makes use, it is probable that that kind of false and unhistoric Tory who is not a Tory Democrat will turn back from pp. 274 and 275, whereon these statements occur, to p. 1 with a certain prejudice against the author. And we will at once admit that such a prejudice is wholly, or to a great extent, unjust, and that, whatever we may think of Mr. Macpherson's general political creed or of his specific proposals of reform (which are more or less the old story), he is a man of sound legal and historical learning, and of robust common sense—a man who is at least as much alive to the merits as to the weaknesses of the institution of which he treats, and is justly contemptuous of the more ignorant and hypocritical of its assailants.

We do not know, indeed, that any one need ask for a better furnished armoury of weapons wherewith to meet the sour and wrongheaded variety, the dishonest variety, or the simply silly variety of Radical hostility to the House of Lords. They are here in all kinds, from the rapier of argument to the cudgel of rebuke, and, what perhaps is more often needed than anything else in this connexion—the bladder and peas of ridicule. Mr. Macpherson is particular happy in his dealing with what he calls the "Radical Case against the House of Lords as a Nobility," and in pointing out that, in the sense in which it is true that the House of Lords is not a Nobility, it is the highest political tribute which the Radical, from his own point of view, could pay them; and that, in the sense in which the Radical usually wishes his statement to be understood, it is not true. The House was "never intended to comprehend the aristocracy but to represent it," and "the fact that there are thousands of men outside the House of better family than some of those who sit inside it, is a necessary feature of its constitution, a necessary, unavoidable, and most desirable outcome of that great law of primogeniture which has made the Peerage an order, not a caste." As to the suggestion that the Peers, taken in bulk, are not "of" the nobility, Mr. Macpherson, knowing something of those subjects of history and genealogy which the Radical does not think it worth while to acquire before talking about them, deals with it in a very destructive manner. In particular, he disposes, in a remarkably final fashion, of the often quoted and perhaps (though we do not ourselves feel so sure of that as Mr. Macpherson) misunderstood sally which the author of *Coningsby* put in the mouth of Mr. Millbank. "When Henry VII. called his first Parliament," said that typical Manchester manufacturer of the 'Forties, "there were only twenty-nine temporal peers to be found, and even some of them took their seats illegally, for they had been attainted. Of these twenty-nine, not five remain." Substitute forty-one for five—no very remarkable emendation to have to make in a Radical statement—and Mr. Millbank would have been right. For this, as Mr. Macpherson reminds us, was, in January, 1892, the number of persons who, being either actual members of the House of Lords in their own right, or potential members only debarred from sitting by reason of age or sex, held English, Scottish, or Irish peerages of date anterior to 1485. And a score of these were English. The Radical error can be easily, though not creditably, accounted for. Mr. Macpherson lays his finger, with a gentleness which must be

harder to bear than severity, upon that gross form of ignorance—especially inexcusable in a school of politicians who concern themselves "mainly about people"—out of which it most often arises. "The antiquity of many families," he mildly remarks, "is obscured by the novelty of their titles. Much of the delusion with regard to the supposed lack of antiquity in the Lords Temporal is due to mistaking the founder of the peerage for the founder of the family." When, as in a case that has happened this very year, the former was ennobled in 1893, and the latter flourished circa 1066, a confusion between the two may weaken, or in extreme cases even vitiate, an argument.

Not less effective is Mr. Macpherson's treatment of "the Radical Case against the House of Lords as a Second Chamber." His defence of their action in resisting the first Reform Bill is a little too much dominated by his theory of the function of the Upper House as virtually representative of the whole Empire; and his explanation of the action of the Peers at that crisis very considerably antedates the currency of "Imperial" views, which did not, and, indeed, having regard to the then condition of our greater colonies, could not have possessed, the influence which they rightly exercise now. Nevertheless the general argument is sound enough, as also are those by which the author vindicates the resistance of the Lords to Catholic Emancipation, and their known attitude towards Home Rule for Ireland. His handling, too, of the charge against the Peers of retarding the passage and limiting the scope of Liberal enactments, is of a sufficient kind, though one afterwards has reason to doubt whether his own arguments have convinced himself. Still he wields deftly enough the argumentative weapons most serviceable against those who "still hold the decadent and death-stricken dogma of an omniscient and infallible House of Commons, which—always with the proviso of a Liberal majority—ought to be omnipotent," also. He analyses, with the usual destructive result, that question-begging formula of the Radical, so necessary to his very existence, that the vote of a majority of the House of Commons on any conceivable question necessarily and always expresses the will of the people, irrespectively both of whether that majority of the constituencies which such Parliamentary majority represents is itself representative of a majority of the total electorate, and of whether, if so, it was returned with exclusive, or even any, reference to the particular question upon which it assumes to pronounce. Above all does Mr. Macpherson render valuable service—and here we admit in a less well-trodden field—by pointing out that the assumption of the Liberal party that the House of Lords is always wrong on domestic questions derives no great support from the fact that on Imperial questions their view is much more to be relied upon for soundness than that of the House of Commons. Thus on all colonial and all Indian questions the opinion of the colonies and of the rulers of India is invariably with the House of Lords and against the Liberal party in Great Britain. That is to say, those who know most about the matter, and whose interest in it is the closest, never fail to prefer the former of these two authorities to the latter. As he well and forcibly puts it:—"It would be easy to find in the colonies and India many men who have no belief in Established Churches, and no superstitious veneration for hereditary legislators; but it would not be easy to find one man of intelligence and information who approved of either the foreign, or the Indian, or the colonial policy of the Liberal party in Great Britain."

It is with quite a feeling of regret that we pass from Mr. Macpherson's polemics to his proposals. At times, indeed, it is difficult to believe that the proposals and the polemics are from the same hand, so strangely does the practical shrewdness which never fails the controversialist appear to have deserted the projector. On the nature of his scheme for the "reform" of the House of Lords it is not necessary to dwell. As has been already stated, it is in the main the old, old story—life-titles, a system of representative peers, and art, science, and literature represented respectively by the Lord President of the Royal Academy, the Lord President of the Royal Society, and the Lord Knows Who, together with the various other pretty little tiny kickshaws of innovation with which we are all familiar. Where it differs—and differs to the advantage of Mr. Macpherson, by giving him a special claim to the indulgence of those who disagree with him—is in this: that he has been led to it by a much more respectable than the common route, and that with him it forms part of a general scheme for confederating the Empire. As such it might be enough for us to dismiss it with the remark that, as soon as any one has succeeded in constructing and promulgating any practical plan of Federation, we shall be prepared to consider whether Mr. Macpherson's proposals ought to be adopted as an incident thereto. But Mr. Macpherson reverses the order of things. He wants to reform the House of Lords, as

* *The Baronage and the Senate; or, the House of Lords in the Past, the Present, and the Future.* By William Charteris Macpherson. London: John Murray. 1893.

we understand him, in order to prepare the way for that practical plan of Federation which is still *in nubibus*, and it is therefore impossible to avoid considering his proposals on their merits. So considering them, we can only repeat the expression of our respectful surprise at the apparent contrast between the intellectual characteristics of the author of these proposals and those of the Mr. Macpherson to whom we owe the excellently well-informed and vigorous defence of the House of Lords in the earlier part of this volume. In objecting *in toto* to his scheme of reform, we go in no sort of fear of the reproach which he levels against "frightened pessimists." So far as we are concerned, indeed, the reproach entirely misses its mark; because our standpoint as objectors happens to be, of the two, much nearer that of the optimist. That is to say that, without going so far as to declare the House of Lords to be the best of all possible Second Chambers, we do contend that, with all its defects, it is vastly more useful in its present shape for all the purposes for which such Chambers exist than it would be with the addition or the substitution of any of or all the latest modern improvements that we have ever heard suggested. To quote instances, as Mr. Macpherson does, in which the Lords have inadequately discharged their functions and allowed mischievous legislation to pass, is of course easy enough. Sensible supporters of the House of Lords know better than to deny it. But what they do deny—and with an emphasis proportioned to their good sense—is, that any of the newfangled bodies proposed by the reformers could effectively and authoritatively, even if they had the courage to attempt it, offer resistance to the legislation of the Commons in any case in which the existing House of Lords has shrunk, or would hereafter be likely to shrink, from such an undertaking. Does Mr. Macpherson really think that an elective Second Chamber would, as he says it would, have rejected Mr. Gladstone's confiscatory Land Act of 1881? Our own very strong conviction is that they would not only have passed it, as the Lords did, but that they would, in all probability, have also passed that earlier piratical measure, the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, which the Lords threw out. Mr. Macpherson, however, seems to argue—and strange it is that he should—that reform of the House of Lords, in the sense of "further qualifying its hereditary element," and so forth, would either silence or disarm that "chronic Radical agitation against the House of Lords which has created in the public mind a vague feeling that it ought to be altered." Yet one who knows his Radical so well as Mr. Macpherson should be aware that there is no probability whatever of this happening; that the agitation would go on just the same, and that the same people in whose minds it creates the vague feeling aforesaid would go on feeling vaguely in precisely the same way. But we do not wish to part from this well-written and, on the whole, well-reasoned work in a hostile spirit. "Sir," said Johnson to Boswell, "I love Robertson, and I won't talk of his book." Our affection for all the three first parts of Mr. Macpherson's volume is so strong that we would rather say no more of the fourth.

NOVELS.*

"NO, Clara, no younger sons for me," the first sentence in *Poor Lady Massey* "emphatically" remarked by Lady Massey, gives the keynote to her character. Why she has the pitying epithet of "Poor" is not quite clear; for, though her schemes are constantly receiving checks, and her worldliness is being shown up, everything comes right and according to her ambition and wishes in the end. The object of her scheming is her only child, a daughter, Dolly, a pretty straightforward simple-hearted girl, with a thorough belief in her mother up to a certain time. "Her loyalty to her mother had never swerved; they did not always get on, she could not exactly explain why, but she had invariably accepted Lady Massey's conduct without a question and relied implicitly upon her judgment. To Dolly she had invariably seemed some one above the others, more beautiful, never without resource, a being to be proud of, fond of, set apart on a

* *Poor Lady Massey*. By H. Rutherford Russell. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

The Story of Philip Methuen. By Mrs. Y. H. Needell. London: Warne & Co.

Orchardcroft. By Elsa D'Este-Keeling. London: T. Fisher Unwin. *The Governor; and other Stories*. By George A. Hibbard. London: Gay & Bird.

Elsie Ellerton. By May Edwood. London: Thacker & Co.

This Working-day World; or, the Stranger Portion of Humanity. By G. V. Fairfax. London: Digby, Long, & Co.

A Born Player. By Mary Iuest. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Land Sweller; and other Yarns. By Edmund Downey, Author of "Watch Yarns" &c. London: Ward & Downey.

Blood Royal. By Grant Allen. London: Chatto & Windus. 1893.

higher pedestal, different from the rest." At eighteen Dolly rejoices her mother's heart by becoming engaged to Guy Meredith, "an irreproachable young man of good family, heir to a fine property, with an assured income of 9,000*l.* a year." Unluckily, without any apparent reason, the young people break off their engagement. This is a very weak part of the story and exasperates the reader as well as "poor" Lady Massey. Guy gives his brother—who remarks that he "understood it was a settled affair"—this by way of explanation. "So it was—until about a month ago, and then we settled to break it off. It was a dull afternoon, and we hadn't either of us anything else to say." Dolly overhears a conversation which destroys her faith in her mother, and makes her life a constant struggle between trying to keep up the old loyalty and seeing through her mother's deceptions. To the reader Lady Massey's transparency is too childish; and Mrs. Meredith, the poor weak woman who believes in her and trusts her, is not a character at all, but an object of pity. The book is agreeably written, as to style; but the only interesting and natural character in it is Dolly.

Mrs. Needell has given her readers a host of incidents, much that is original, strong situations, and a leaven of coarseness in her *Story of Philip Methuen*; but her writing is as strong as some of her situations, and she never allows the interest in her characters to flag for a moment. Philip Methuen himself is a remarkable person. The weaknesses that annoy and disappoint his admirers make him human, and deprive him of his wings. Brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, he meant to enter the priesthood; but, on becoming heir to his uncle, Sir Giles Methuen, he was persuaded both by his uncle and his archbishop to give up his youthful dreams of a perfect life, and to see "how, in these faithless and degenerate days, more might be done, even for the best interests of religion, by those who had the courage to live the divine life in the thick of an indifferent and scoffing world, than in the close ranks of the clerical army." Having begun his life with this great self-sacrifice, he follows it up with many others, and makes himself and the woman he loves martyrs to a promise to a dying friend—the object of that promise being unworthy in every way of this martyrdom. The many disagreeable characters in the book are outweighed in the balance by the extreme goodness of two of them; and, notwithstanding the Quixotism which wrecks these two lives, our sympathy must go with Philip Methuen, weak as he often proves himself.

Orchardcroft begins with the consequences of a strike on a striker's family—a striker in more senses than one—goes on with two deaths and a birth, the reformation of a drunkard, and the brilliant future of a child left on the doorstep of Orchardcroft and adopted by the rich people who live there. The hard-hearted young woman who deposited her neighbour's child on the doorstep—its mother having died and its father disappeared—is rewarded for her good deed by a lucky train of events which lead to her husband, the reformed drunkard, being engaged as gardener at Orchardcroft, the rich people's country-seat at Hampstead. They are given the lodge to live in, and this stroke of good luck makes the wife cry with happiness. Their son turns out to have great artistic taste; a friend fortunately dies, and leaves him a fortune that enables him to go to Italy in order to study his art. He returns a first-rate artist; the adopted child's parentage is discovered, but, notwithstanding that shock, all ends happily. The style of writing is worthy of the story.

The Governor contains a set of six American stories, all more or less original, and all pathetically told. In these stories there is none of that morbid sentimentality which is often put forward instead of real pathos. The thing is genuine, as we feel when reading the stories. The descriptions of scenes and people are true and forcible. In the third story, "As the Sparks fly Upwards," an engine-drive is so vividly described as to carry the reader completely with it; even the horrors acted on the engine during that drive seem quite as natural as the scenery, and towns, and villages that we fly past. Altogether, *The Governor* is a very attractive book; it can be taken up in idle moments, giving its reader, at the end of these idle moments, a sense of by no means having frittered away his time.

Elsie Ellerton is "a Novelette of Anglo-Indian life." It is described in the preface as being a "little work" which "aims at supplying the public with a truthful sketch of the healthy side of Anglo-Indian social life. Most writers on Indian society seem to dwell chiefly on its exceptional and less savoury aspects. That the life of the English in India is, in the main, as pure and good as it is elsewhere cannot be denied, and the story of Elsie Ellerton depicts this phase of it." Certainly, whether in England or India, Elsie Ellerton must be an abnormally "sweet" girl, exercising a good influence over all she comes across. Elsie, coming out of the schoolroom, is plunged at once into

society at her father's, Colonel Ellerton's, station in India. Luckily for her, she has only one experience of the married-woman flirt—or worse—for life in India being, "in the main," as pure and good as it is elsewhere, this person is inevitable. Elsie is much disturbed by an intimacy which her friend Mrs. Campbell sets up with a Captain Wherwell. "She could not understand a woman who was married to the man of her choice, having any room in her heart for any one else. Even the light flirtations she observed married women to indulge in in Simla society jarred upon her. She may have been unduly sensitive, perhaps; but so it was." Luckily, Mrs. Campbell was "rudely awakened" at the very edge of the abyss, so that she did not tumble into it. Elsie's friends are certainly not a fascinating set, and their expressions in talking are not exactly refined. We have no doubt there are many places in England where things and people go on in very much the same way as they did, according to Elsie's experiences, in India; but they are not amusing.

This Working-day World is a surprise and a disappointment. We expect the Working-day World to be rather commonplace and without much incident, and behold! it is full of singular people and romantic adventures. So much for the surprise. The disappointment is in the mysterious hero, who should turn out a villain of the deepest dye, and who turns out to be far more sinned against than sinning. Whether the "stronger portion of humanity" is meant to be the girl who goes in for being strong-minded and an advocate for so-called "Women's Rights," and utterly breaks down in carrying out her principles, or whether it is meant to be the men who triumph in the end, is not clearly shown.

A Born Player is an interesting story of a boy who is brought up in a Dissenting minister's family, and intended for a Methodist preacher, but who is at heart an actor. He manages to get away from home to see Edmund Kean in *King Lear*, and is completely entranced. Kean finds this out. "He who declared that he could see a sneer across Salisbury Plain, might well spy out a demonstrative admirer in the little Dulford Theatre. . . . Without doubt the lad's clasped hands, his tear-stained face, his trembling lips, his absolutely adoring eyes, were to Kean more acceptable than all the shouting and cheering around." Kean speaks to the boy Matt, gives him good advice, and tells him that, if he should decide on devoting himself to "the noblest, the most exacting of arts," he must go and see him—Kean—in London. The reader will follow with interest all the ups and downs of Matt's career, containing the struggle between his conscience and his ambition. It is a sad story with a tragic ending. The characters in the book are most of them natural and not overdrawn. One of the first interviews in the story is, however, rather startling. This takes place between Matt and the "Rev. Dr. Beauchamp, Rector of Albourne." The Rev. Dr. Beauchamp is wrathful at what he considers insolence on Matt's part, and says, "You are the Dissenting minister's pupil, and are to be a schismatic preacher yourself, I hear; there is no doubt you have the necessary assurance for the character." The minister himself is a well drawn character, and so is his daughter Grace. The minister's wife may be described in a line of quotation—"She had been bred a Calvinist and took her religion sadly."

The difficulty of adequately reviewing in small space *The Land Smeller* is not a very usual one. It lies in the fact that all the stories are good, and that all depend not a little on excellence of scheme—by which we do not mean to infer that characterization is either neglected or is inferior to the skill of the writer in spinning a yarn merely of surprise and adventure. All the yarns smack, one way or another, of the sea, and there is so much variety of tone in them that it is agreeable to read the collection right through, since one finds novel interest in each tale. Most of them have a distinctly humorous touch—like, for instance, "The Land Smeller" and "The Champion Skipper." "Greek meets Greek," however, is a brief, and a really powerful, tragedy.

Blood Royal, Mr. Grant Allen's one-volume novel, is, if not new in idea (and, after all, that is no reproach), ingenious and clever; and has one decidedly strong scene, as well as one which reminds us too closely of the failure of "Lord Davenant's" claim in *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*. The means employed in each case are too similar. There are pretty touches of character, but the style is not to be commended. Also Mr. Grant Allen abuses a novelist's privilege when he calmly appropriates the "chestnut" of George Frederick Cooke—"my old complaint, ladies and gentlemen"—to one of his characters; and he is but a very feeble follower of a very different writer in the last words of Chapter xiv. Feeble, too—feeble to much boredom—is Gillingham, the Born Poet; a sodden hashed-up dish, long after, in time and merit, the recipe of a kindly caricature, which was not meant to be taken seriously, any more than was, sometimes, its model.

HISTORY OF THE FIFTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT OF FOOT (THE DIE-HARDS).*

THAT an attempt should have been made to bury the thrice famous 57th as the 1st battalion of the Duke of Cambridge's Own (Middlesex) Regiment, of which the other battalions are the 77th Duke of Cambridge's own (East Middlesex) Regiment, the Royal Elborne Light Infantry, and the Royal East Middlesex Militia, is not the worst example of the unwisdom of so much of our modern, and incessant, army reorganization. Can any human being figure to himself some Captain Stanley of the future calling out at the crisis of some new Inkerman, "1st battalion of the Duke of Cambridge's Own (Middlesex) Regiment, remember Albuera." It could not be done. The enemy would be upon them before he got to the end. Yet the tradition of the Die-Hards was worth preserving. It is too probable in these days of useful information that every schoolboy does not know how Colonel Inglis appealed to the 57th to die hard at Albuera, and how they answered. Nor yet how at Inkerman they were called upon to remember Albuera by Captain Stanley, and did, and were after his death brought out of action by the son of the same Colonel Inglis who had commanded them in the Peninsula. To destroy a tradition of this stamp has always been thought a folly. Marbot, who may be said to have seen war, thought any change of a name which had a reputation a gross mistake, and gives a case in point. It is that of a famous Austrian regiment of horse which had been rechristened, and behaved very ill when next under fire till the Archduke Charles appealed to them by their old name as "the Dragoons of Latour."

One's consolation is that, after all, the 1st battalion of the D. C. O. Middlesex Regiment will continue to remember that, whatever official persons may do on paper, they are the Die-Hards. Captain Woolright's book is, at any rate, written to keep the memory of the fact alive. It is a fairly good specimen of a regimental history, though we should hesitate to say that it is more than that. Captain Woolright does not sufficiently remember that there ought to be a distinction between the history of a campaign, and an account of the services of a particular regiment. He wastes pages on general operations, for which, too, he frequently quotes "Alison," or some such authority. Now Alison wrote a by no means bad book; but to make a narrative out of him comes dangerously near bookmaking. If Captain Woolright could not discover what particular things his regiment did, he might well have made his book much shorter. But he is occasionally brief where he might very properly have been more copious. In the case, for instance, of the magnificent piece of fighting which won the regiment its name, he is too rapid and superficial. He ought, we think, to have given a plan of the battle-field of Albuera which would have enabled the reader to understand better what exactly it was that the 57th did. As much may be said of Inkerman. There are also some slips in the spelling of names, which are trivial but unfortunate. For "Albuera" there is some justification in English usage, but "Penerander" is a very Cockney form of "Peñaranda."

In spite of its superfluities and of small slips in matters of form, which are part of our heritage from Adam, Captain Woolright's book is an interesting account of an English regiment. It shows, as all books of this class with which we are acquainted do, how old many of the evils of which we now complain are in the British army. There, for instance, is the depletion of the battalion in peace. We hear of times in which the 57th consisted of nine companies of thirty-three men. Then, again, there is the small size of the men. Inspecting officers are found continually complaining of the "low" size of the soldiers, and they were not judging by any lofty standard. In 1809, when the regiment was just about to begin its Peninsular career, and was pronounced satisfactory, the average height of the regiment was five feet five. On the other hand, the average age was twenty-six, and the length of service six years. It is this length of service which accounts for the solidity of the regiment at Albuera. All military history, from Hannibal downwards, is full of evidence that men who have served long together become a tribe. In the Thirty Years War, when the rule once a soldier always a soldier was universal, there are many cases of corps actually exterminated in battle, as some of Tilly's men were at Leipzig, as the brigade of "Irishes" were at Frankfort-on-the-Oder, and the old Spanish bands at Rocroi. These men had no home, no country outside the regiment or the "tercio." Therefore, when the worst came to the worst, they fought it out in their ranks round the colours. Indeed, they wanted very little to make a tribe in the full sense

* *History of the Fifty-seventh (West Middlesex) Regiment of Foot, 1755-1881.* Compiled from official and other sources by H. H. Woolright, Captain D.C.O. West Middlesex Regiment. London: Bentley & Son, 1893.

of the word, for they carried their women and children with them. In Flanders, during the Duke of York's unlucky campaign—of which generally speaking the less said the better—there seems to have been no limit to the number of women who were allowed to accompany the regiment. It was afterwards fixed at sixty, but the rule does not seem to have been very strictly enforced. It is at least certain that our camps in the Peninsula swarmed with women and children—of whom numbers perished under the hardships of campaigning. But that subject—a side of military history which would repay investigation—might lead us far from Captain Woolright. His account of the raising of the regiment by Colonel Arabin in 1756 shows that the press was used to fill the ranks of the regiments as well as to man ships.

‘There was little difficulty in procuring recruits, 91,919, had been voted for the ten new regiments, and a Bill passed for the “speedy and efficient recruiting” of them. Justices of the peace and magistrates were ordered “to make a speedy and effectual levy of such able-bodied men as were not younger than 17, not older than 45, not papists, not under 5 feet 4 inches in height, not having vote for parliament men, not exercising lawful calling or employment, or not having support or maintenance, to serve as soldiers.” Each parish had to provide a certain number of men, being paid 20 shillings for each recruit as a recompense for its trouble; while the churchwardens received “not less than 5 shillings, nor more than 40 shillings, if such recruits had wife or family.” Recruits were not liable to arrest for debt, and could claim discharge after five years. Persons obstructing the Act were liable to a fine of 10*l*.’

It is also a significant detail that, among the first instructions issued, was one directing all military officers to “avoid disputes with the naval officers, and to live in harmony with them, as nothing was so displeasing to His Majesty King George II. as disputes between the Land and Sea officers.” His Majesty King George II. remembered a certain expedition to Carthage. Captain Woolright is full of information about military uniforms, illustrated by truly gorgeous plates, from which, among other things, it appears that greatcoats were not issued originally to all soldiers, but only a proportion of “watch-coats,” which were for the general use of the regiment.

WILLIAM LAW.*

NO more curious example of the very odd thing which has been called literary coincidence has recently come under our notice than the appearance, within a week or two of each other, of the two books which form the texts of this article. That two people should, without knowledge of each other's occupation, be simultaneously occupied on this and that literary subject is not so very odd. But it is rather curious that a Presbyterian minister in Edinburgh should choose a subject like Law for a series of lectures to the more cultivated part of his congregation, and as a fruit thereof should issue selections from the mystical Nonjuror, and that a private person in the extreme south of England should simultaneously take into his head to reissue the whole of Law's works. Dr. Whyte adorns and gives appetizing tastes to readers; Mr. Moreton at the same moment supplies those whose appetites have been whetted with the solid joint at which to cut and come again. It is pretty, if faith.

Law, of course, has never wanted, or only at rare and short intervals, for praisers, whatever he may have done for readers. He appeals to several classes of taste, and there can be no discerning taste in any of the classes to which he appeals that does not pronounce him superlative. Butler and Berkeley were hardly his superiors in that masculine logic which was the special gift of the earlier eighteenth century in England. St. Augustine and Thomas à Kempis have hardly outgone him in mystical unction, while neither, perhaps, has quite equalled him in that practical as well as mystical devotion which became his century better than either of theirs. He was a master of English too. And to his real merits he added that good luck which all wise men and some fools know to be of the essence of success. We have never been entirely certain of the exact cause which has secured for Law—a Tory, a High Churchman, uncompromisingly orthodox in theology and morals—the encomiums of a list of Freethinkers, Latitudinarians, Agnostics, Gallios, and Liberals, which Dr. Whyte, whether conscious or unconscious of

what he is doing, winds up by informing us that “Augustine Birrell [we should have said “Mr.,” but no matter], in his *Res Judicata*, describes William Law to his readers as ‘the inimitable author of the *Serious Call*.’” Perhaps Gibbon's connexion with, and tribute to, him may have marked Law out as safe for *philosophes* to praise; perhaps the unofficial and slightly free-lance character of his orthodoxy may have conciliated them. At any rate, the fact is the fact. The word has been given and taken in two great lines of opposing thought, deriving from Gibbon and Johnson respectively, to acknowledge Law as a master. As for purely religious fame, the *Serious Call* would have secured that by itself. But Wesley's discipleship and indebtedness have conciliated one great branch of Nonconformity, while the highest-flying of Churchmen will not find Law, for all his excursions in the Behmen direction, finching from the strictest norm of ecclesiastical orthodoxy. And, besides all this, he has a sure stronghold in his works. Neglected they may be—the bulk of them almost wholly, the minority except by fits and starts. But no one who knows the joys of intellectual battle, the pleasure of seeing horse and man go down before the weight and skill of a logical champion, can open the *Remarks on the Fable of the Bees*, or the *Letters to Hoadly*, or perhaps, best of all, the *Case of Reason*, without certainty of delight nearly as great as if he were “fighting the prize” himself; while the devotional works are equally sure of their admirers.

Something of the difference between the two books before us will have been perceived from what we have already said. Dr. Whyte has not drawn at all on the purely controversial treatises, and his volume, which is quite admirably produced in matter of print and paper, contains examples chiefly of Law's ability as an author of devotional meditations, as a drawer-up of rules for the religious life, and as a fashioner of those imaginary, or not always imaginary, portraits and characters in which the best of the eighteenth-century essayists were scarcely his superiors. There was reason for this; for not only was such a selection more in accordance with Dr. Whyte's cloth, but this side of Law had, on the whole, been less dealt with of late. It might, perhaps, have been still better to increase the size of the volume a little—it is a small quarto, goodly but not in the least heavy—by another hundred pages, which would have given ample room for a complete selection; but Dr. Whyte had a right to plan his own book in his own way, and we shall find no fault with him. In his introduction we find a few of the things that from a Free Kirk minister we might have expected to find. He speaks scornfully of the “tremendous uproar” and the “insane panic” of the Bangorian controversy; and compares the position of Hoadly to that of “Bishop Hampden, Archbishop Whately, Dean Stanley, and Dr. Hatch.” The last person (with whom be peace) is rather outclassed in this catalogue, and we doubt whether any of the other three would thank Dr. Whyte for classing them with Hoadly, though one of them at least was not much his superior in orthodoxy, and had something of his fault of courtiership. All three, however, were men of literary talent, and two of them were men of considerable theological and philosophical attainments. Hampden, moreover, unswervingly maintained that his position had been grossly misunderstood; and Whately, in his later years at least, gave no handle to the charge of unorthodoxy. Hoadly, with no very great merits of any kind, was a toad-eater of the worst species, and a man who, in our judgment at least, had even less right to hold any preferment in the Church of England than the much-abused Conyers Middleton himself. And then Dr. Whyte, following, it is true, other persons, affects to lightly Law's views about “the Divine right of kings, the apostolical succession of English bishops, baptismal regeneration, and suchlike questions.” Might it not have occurred to him—we have often been surprised that it has not occurred to others—that it is at least rather dangerous to uphold a man for one of the keenest masters of logic that ever lived, and yet to fancy that you can dismiss one part of the doctrines which he held as a closely-knit whole, and retain the other? The account of John Byrom reads a little oddly, and as if Dr. Whyte knew little of that genial Jacobite and excellent verse-smith, except in his connexion with Law. Yet we have no intention of pulling Dr. Whyte over the coals; but the contrary. He has given us an extremely pretty book, and a very good book to lead both the general reader and the reader interested in religious literature to Law.

It is when that reader has been led that Mr. Moreton's part of the business comes in. Three out of the nine volumes of Law's works are here issued, to be followed, we sincerely trust, by the others. The comfortable, roomy printing and pages of the last century compress themselves conveniently enough; and, though not much has been sacrificed to the graces in Mr. Moreton's edition, his three thin volumes of clear and not too closely

* *Characters and Characteristics of William Law*. Selected and arranged by Alexander Whyte, D.D., of St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The Works of the Reverend William Law. Vols. I.-III. Privately Reprinted for G. B. Moreton. Setley, Brockenhurst, New Forest, Hampshire.

stowed type occupy very little room, and are quite comfortable to hold and read. There are no notes; but the book is not quite a mere reprint, for Mr. Moreton has prefixed a very short memoir, and still shorter introductions to the various treatises. We are too much obliged to him for his reprint of the text to pick quarrels with the comment, even though he himself rather goes out of his way to perform that ungracious office with Canon Overton. *De predecessoribus nil nisi bonum* is almost as universally true as *de mortuis* is not; there are hardly any exceptions except where the predecessors have been either grossly unfair or inaccurate to the point of actual deception in fact. Again, Mr. Moreton is a little rash when, after taking some one else to task for a slovenly use of words, he writes, "his father, who, alone of all his sons, sent William to Cambridge." Milton's famous hyperbole about Eve and her daughters is only technically improper; but imagination reels under the effort to conceive a father who, alone of all his own sons, sends one of those sons to the University.

But enough of this. We do not now want writing about Law so much as a sufficient presentation of his actual work, and this is what Mr. Moreton is giving us. The first batch of three volumes contains, perhaps, the most generally interesting matter of the whole. The first gives the masterly *Letters to the Bishop of Bangor*, which Hoadly was foolish enough neither to pass in silence nor to answer, but to refer to as if their author were beneath his notice. It may be imagined what mincemeat Law made of him. Hoadly, though a man of some parts, was an early, but complete, example of the abuse of common sense—too often an ultra-Philistine and dull common sense—which marked the eighteenth century in politics, religion, and philosophy. He would not, and perhaps could not, see that his views about monarchy were in reality almost as fatal to his august patrons of the House of Hanover (as far as any fashion in which they would have cared to hold the crown went) as to the Stuarts. He chose to think that he could snub "enthusiasm" and poohpooh apostolical succession and sacramental efficacy, and yet retain a certain amount of Christian and even a certain amount of Anglican doctrine. And he was enabled to put a certain face upon these inconsistencies by a loose rhetorical phraseology. Upon this Law fell with a will, and to this day it is a joy to read the fashion in which he handles the Bishop's precious "Invisible Church," and convicts him of blasphemous mockery or dishonest prevarication in submitting to the very form of his own episcopal consecration. The third volume is filled by the *Treatise of Christian Perfection*, which is, according to some, the chief of Law's works in his premytical period, and is hardly ranked below the *Serious Call* by any.

But undoubtedly the second has the most attraction for general readers. Here are those *Remarks on the Fable of the Bees* which smashed Mande-ville, and which remain the best short defence of eternal and immutable morality as opposed to the selfish school. Here is the almost equally famous *Cuse of Reason* which performed the same kind office for Tindal's *Christianity as old as the Creation*, and which has attracted the admiration of Freethinkers and Agnostics almost equally with that of the orthodox. The third tractate has not been equally fortunate, though both our present editors defend it. Dr. Whyte, indeed, seems a little rash in praise when he says that Law alone in his own generation would have had the courage to write *The Absolute Unlawfulness of the Stage Entertainment*. He surely forgets what had been done by an earlier Nonjuror of no mean fame, and of abilities and learning less happily tempered than Law's, but not so very much inferior—one Jeremy Collier. And it is certain that if Jeremy, in whose time every one admits that the stage needed reformation, overdid the zeal of the Lord's house, Law, in times less offending, did so too. The tract, indeed, contains some of his cleverest "characters," and is written with transparent honesty and much vigour, but it is overdone. Yet the character and subject of it diversify the other contents of the volumes very well, and the whole is good reading for persons of a masculine taste.

BRITISH GAME BIRDS.*

THE author of this book, Mr. Charles Dixon, has nearly but not quite so catholic a view of what constitutes a "game bird" as is commonly ascribed to the French sportsman. He does not include tomits and robins in that category; but he does include all the numerous varieties of knots, sandpipers, phalaropes, stints, &c. These, or most of them, are hardly considered as worthy objects of sport. The author, however, professes to write for sportsmen who, in his (the author's) opinion, nearly always

"eventually become ardent naturalists." Such persons, however, require, not one book, but two at least—one for the times when they are sportsmen and one for the naturalist phase. Probably there is no sportsman in existence who would abandon the pursuit of a covey of partridges because he happened to see a scarce migrant on the way. Mr. Dixon has made concessions to both kinds of people; in deference to the sportsman, he leaves out of consideration all birds except those which he chooses to regard as "game birds"; on the other hand, he tries to curry favour with, or at any rate to appease the cravings of, the naturalist by mentioning that the nostrils are "schizorhinal" in some families, "holorhinal" in others, and by giving a few other details of that kind. The book is really an account—semi-popular in character—of the British species of birds belonging to three families; they are briefly described, their habits are commented upon, the distribution is mentioned, and some notes on the eggs and nests conclude the section devoted to each species. It is very doubtful what particular space in the ornithologist's library this work is expected to fill that is not already occupied by something more useful. With the new edition of Yarrell, or the shorter epitome by Mr. Howard Saunders, the student of British birds ought to be content; it contains everything of any importance that is to be found in Mr. Dixon's book; if more detailed information is desired, we have the elaborate monographs upon various groups, such as Mr. Seebohm's account of the plover-like birds.

We ought, perhaps, to apologize for giving so tame a statement of what appears to us to be the scope of the book; the author in his preface describes his object in much more sounding language; he has "sought to bring this information up to date, not only by including several species new to our avifauna, but by dealing with these birds from an evolutionary point of view, and according to modern ideas on and recent discoveries in that particular branch of natural knowledge which is embraced by Darwinian Ornithology." He has taken pains to "discard insular and narrow study, which too often leads to pedantry and error, and to treat the birds incorporated in the following pages on broad evolutionary lines and from a more cosmopolitan point of view." The whole preface, in fact, is as full of protestations and promises as an election address, and is couched in equally vague terms. What is a "Darwinian Ornithologist"? Perhaps, however, it is rather our business to answer questions than to ask them. We will, therefore, return to the preface. The sporting side of the work is advertised by a few remarkable sentences, like that pointing out the delights of "getting on to the fleeting fowl with deadly effect as they pass like arrows over your cold and lonely ambush."

Mr. Dixon has rather too liberal an idea of what constitutes a "British" bird; one visit appears to him to be enough to entitle it to this distinction. Such rare and literally flying visits do not seem to us nearly sufficient to establish a bird even on our visiting-list. Repeated occurrences of this kind are alone worthy of being taken into consideration; for they often recall the fact that the bird once upon a time was a genuine inhabitant of these (from the rare bird's point of view) inhospitable shores. We have only too much evidence in ornithological works of the extremely warm reception accorded to the casual migrant. Pallas's Sand Grouse does not, as we expected to find that it had done, afford Mr. Dixon with a theme upon which to dilate—he only grants it the usual two and a half pages. The last great influx of this bird caused such an exuberant outpouring of pamphlets and letters to the newspapers that Mr. Dixon would have been able, without any trouble, to deal with the matter in an exhaustive fashion. More space is given to the Demoiselle Crane, whose claims to be considered a British bird rest on the occurrence of a single pair, thirty years ago. This appears to us to show an inverted sense of perspective; the barest mention ought to have sufficed for this bird, which neither the sportsman nor the naturalist would have much chance of meeting. Some of the names used by the author are not in every way satisfactory. The Ruff is usually known as *Machetes pugnax*; Mr. Dixon prefers to call it *Totanus pugnax*. The disposition of this little bird during the breeding season is so extremely warlike that the name *Machetes pugnax* can hardly be considered an unnecessary pleonasm. This same bird is duly noted as being exceedingly variable; it is even said that no two specimens are alike; this is a curious exception to the usual fixity of colours and marking among animals, and possibly it has something to do with the unusual quarrelsomeness of the bird. The females, on the theory of "sexual selection," have perhaps not yet quite made up their minds which style of pattern they prefer in their mates; hence each bird attempts to argue it out with his friends and to convince them that his own style is superior; perhaps, on the other hand, the hens have the proverbial fickleness of their sex, and vary in their opinions from day to day, thus causing a good

* *Game Birds of the British Islands*. By Charles Dixon. London: Chapman & Hall. 1893.

deal of unpleasantness among their husbands and cousins. Some of the English names used are even less fortunate; the very first sentence describing the "common" eider terms it a "rare" straggler. The "mute" swan makes "a low hissing noise," and is sometimes stirred to utter "a loud trumpet-like cry."

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT IN THE HOUSE.*

THE advantages of the electric light may be set forth under three heads—the sanitary, the illuminative, and the artistic. Upon the first and second heads it need not concern us to dwell, because everybody is agreed that the electric light does not defile the air with products of combustion, and everybody is agreed that it affords a strong and agreeable illumination. But the question of its artistic capabilities, of its value for decorative purposes, requires serious consideration. The plain incandescent filament has a certain wild beauty of its own. To the scientific imagination, it suggests profound and poetical speculations concerning the constitution of the ether and the whirlings of molecules. When it first appeared everybody admired it. No one, at any rate, blamed it for excess of brilliancy. But experience has shown that the naked filament is inconveniently dazzling, and when one's thoughts are intent, not on theories of the universe, but on something more material (dinner, for example), the presence of a spot of brilliancy which inconveniences the retina is irksome. The filament no longer having novelty to excuse its obtrusiveness, it has become necessary to drape, shade, disguise, or dispose it, so as to counteract this special drawback. On the one hand, the filament itself must not be seen; on the other, the brightness of the illumination must not be unduly obscured. And here we may remark that for decorative purposes the true rival of the electric light is neither gas nor oil, but the candle. The candle is beautiful in itself; it can be gazed at without inconvenience; pictures, and perhaps even fairies, can be seen in its mellow flame; it is not a fixture; it has no tail of trailing wires; it can be disposed, distributed, and multiplied in innumerable ways, and nothing can be more agreeable than its radiance. But we have no desire to depreciate the electric light, and, although it labours under this little disadvantage, that it is too glaring to be allowed in a room unveiled, we admit that in judicious hands it is capable of producing the most pleasing effects. Unfortunately the hands of the ordinary decorator, to whom its disposition is usually entrusted, go to work in a manner which cannot but make the artistic grieve. In nine cases out of ten the decorator suspends the light from the ceiling (on what he calls an electrolier), or places it on a projecting bracket, leaving the filament in full view, and fixing behind or above (where it is not wanted) a small shade which may or may not be designed to resemble the petals of a flower. If allowed to do so he will even, after providing glass petals, go so far as to cover those petals with floral embellishments, trailing patterns of ivy or honeysuckle. He does not know, and cannot be expected to know, that the man who does this is guilty of a diasym. That a diasym is "a sort of further lessening of that which is already small and mean" is not generally known, except perhaps to readers of Longinus, whose works are not included in the curriculum of the average decorator.

We do not quarrel with Mr. Allsop because in *Practical Electric Light Fitting* he describes and figures some dreadful examples of the decorator's art. He does so, in some measure, under protest, admitting that there is a lack of taste among contractors and electric-light engineers. Still, he evidently hankers after the electrolier, that fatal legacy bequeathed to the electrician by the gasman. "Of the ten or twelve electroliers now in the market, some," he says, "are a masterpiece of elegance and artistic design." It will be observed that Mr. Allsop is shaky in his grammar. But he is a practical man, and his book, abounding as it does in practical hints, will be a valuable guide to workmen employed in electrical installations. He gives excellent diagrams of the two methods of wiring a house, known as the tree system and the distributing board system. The former, according to Mr. Allsop, is "generally known as the tree system, owing to its resemblance to that object." Here, again, his grammar is not all that could be desired; and when he comes to speak of the advantages of the alternate current system, he says that it is "by far the best for such places where the consumers are distributed over a large area." But, although Mr. Allsop may now and then be ungrammatical, he is never unintelligible; in this respect he is unlike certain persons who write the best of grammar, but cannot be understood. He reprints in full the excellent code of rules drawn up by the Phoenix Fire

Office. Many attempts have been made to improve upon it, but it holds its own in spite of the competition of the Institution of Electrical Engineers. The risk of fire, where an installation has been carried out in accordance with the Phoenix rules, is very small. Mr. Allsop puts the case concisely and pointedly. Where the wiring has been incompetently done, or scamped, he says, "the electric light is far more dangerous than gas, as the electric current will create a fire without the application of an external light; but where the work has been properly done by competent men, in accordance with some such rules as those of the Phoenix Office, a fire is absolutely impossible."

VENICE.*

VENICE holds so high a place in the affections of all who are sensible to the charms of beauty and dignity that Mr. Horatio Brown's excellent sketch of its history is sure to receive a warm welcome. His book has many merits. Not the least among them is that he has kept closely to his subject, and has subordinated to it everything that he has had to say on other matters. According to the promise held out in his Preface, he has written a biography of the Republic; he has, that is to say, treated its history as though he were writing a personal narrative, making Venice herself the central figure throughout, and handling every event that he records, so as to bring clearly before his readers the effect that it had either in forwarding the development of her strength, or in hastening her decline. Here and there, and specially in his earlier chapters, we have rather too many facts and names. He does not, however, record facts simply because he finds them in his authorities; he uses them to strengthen the general impression that he wishes to produce in each stage of his work. While giving due prominence to the constitutional history of Venice, he is never dull, and has indeed rendered this side of his subject specially interesting by exhibiting the connexion between each of the various changes in the constitution and the political events that led to it. His thorough knowledge of Venice has enabled him to impart a pleasant local colour to his history of the city, and he has with good effect occasionally given extracts from Venetian chroniclers, preserving in his translation the vigour and quaint simplicity of his authors' language. The beginning and early years of Venice, from the days when the lagoons were inhabited merely by a few fishermen, dependent on the cities of the mainland, to the first union of the peoples of the different islands and their formation into a State, are broadly and lucidly sketched. The achievement of external independence by this new State was, Mr. Brown points out, mainly the product of the working of three factors—the Byzantine Empire, the Lombard Kingdom of Italy, and the Church; its internal unity was accomplished by the triumph of the democratic tendencies in the community over the aristocratic element, represented at that time by the predominance of Heraclea in the lagoons. The struggle between the two political principles ended when Rialto, "the present city of Venice," rose "upon the ruins of Heraclea and Malamocco," and was chosen as the new capital. For a while it seemed as though Venice might become subject to hereditary Dukes or Doges; she was saved from this fate partly by her own people, whose determination to remain free was expressed in the saying, "We did not come here to live under a lord," and partly by the lagoons, which prevented any aspirant to sovereignty from coercing his fellow-citizens by a foreign force. While, however, the powers of the Doge were effectually limited by regulations which were from time to time made more and more stringent, the tendency of the Republic towards oligarchical government was manifested as early as the war between Venice and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa; for the Council established at that time of danger from external foes and internal disturbance was the germ of the *Maggior Consiglio*, "the basis of the Venetian oligarchical constitution."

Already a city of great commercial activity, Venice secured to herself the whole trade of the Levant by her participation in the conquest of the Eastern Empire in the Fourth Crusade. Mr. Brown, in his account of this enterprise, criticizes the conduct of the Venetians with much discrimination, justly observing that the Republic committed a serious error of policy in allowing its forces to take the Cross; for this insincere act entirely altered its position with regard to the war, and placed it under obligations which it had no intention of fulfilling. The rapid increase of wealth and population that followed the conquest brought about a sharp division between rich and poor, and led to the completion of the constitutional growth of Venice in the establishment of a rigid oligarchy by "the closing of the Great Council." To this

* *Practical Electric Light Fitting*. With 224 illustrations. By F. C. Allsop. London: Whittaker & Co.

* *Venice: an Historical Sketch of the Republic*. By Horatio F. Brown. Author of "Life on the Lagoons." London: Percival & Co. 1893.

measure the creation of the Council of Ten was, as Mr. Brown says, a corollary; it was the means which the new oligarchy used to preserve its power. This famous tribunal was not, as many people imagine, and as it is represented in romance, "arbitrary, irresponsible, and tyrannous"; it was governed by definite rules, and its members were unable to abuse their power because, when their year of office was past, they were in their turn liable to be cited before their successors. Another common misconception corrected here relates to the origin of the policy of extension on the mainland which was adopted by the Venetians soon after the completion of their constitution. This policy seems at first to have been dictated as much by necessity as by ambition, for Venice was forced to go to war with Mastino della Scala, in order to prevent her supplies of food from being cut off. In her struggle with the lords of the mainland she passed through one supreme crisis, the war of Chioggia. The story of the war is told with spirit, and its consequences are well drawn out. Venice did not forget the debt of vengeance that she owed to the house of Carrara, and, before many years had passed, crushed her old enemies. Their overthrow brought her into "the comity of Italian States"; she had a large territory on the mainland, and ceased to be a purely naval power. Filled with the desire of increasing the territorial dominion of their State, a party among her citizens successfully urged the adoption of an ambitious policy that led to her decline. The turning-point in Venetian history, the period during which, while mistress of a far-stretching territory, and exercising a preponderating influence in Italy, Venice began to lose her vital strength, was the reign of Francesco Foscari. Among the signs of impending danger, Mr. Brown observes that it was then that the subject peoples, such as the Dalmatians, began to supply the navy with seamen, for "Venice was forsaking her native element." The two capital errors in her policy bore bitter fruit. The blow which she had inflicted on the Eastern Empire led at last to the domination of the Turks in the Levant, and to an irreparable injury to her commercial interests, while the extraordinary efforts which she had made to build up for herself a wide dominion in Italy ended in exciting the jealousy of her neighbours and the greed of other Powers. The war of the League of Cambray overtaxed her resources and demonstrated her weakness on the mainland. In addition to these troubles—that were partly, at least, the result of her own errors—was one not less grave, that proceeded from a cause beyond her control. Her commerce with India was lost by the discovery of the passage round the Cape in 1486. For two centuries after the League of Cambray Venice, in spite of her declining prosperity, maintained a glorious struggle against the Turks. This long war, the resistance which, inspired by Paolo Sarpi, she made to the encroachments of the Papal See, and some modification of the power of the Council of Ten, are, Mr. Brown remarks, the only signs of life that Venice showed during the long period of her decay. Each of these is carefully described, and the book ends with the overthrow of the Republic by Napoleon Bonaparte. Mr. Brown's volume contains a carefully prepared list of works on Venetian history, a full index, and five maps. Both in form and matter it is decidedly attractive; it is written on a scholarly plan, and is evidently the result of full and familiar knowledge.

THE INDUSTRIAL ARTS OF THE ANGLO-SAXONS.*

THIS book is, we believe, what it claims to be, the first general summary of Anglo-Saxon archaeology founded on the evidence of actual objects of use and ornament preserved down to our own time. What is yet more to the purpose, it is adequately illustrated. As the author does not interest himself mainly in the literary authorities for his period, there is no occasion to dwell on lapses in that kind which it might be our duty to censure in a historian. If the Baron de Baye does not always refer to the authorities a scholar would expect to see vouched, or departs from the usual modes of citation, we are not aware that any one will suffer material inconvenience. We are even content that he should quote the spurious laws of Edward the Confessor without appearance of suspicion, and should print medieval hexameters as prose. Any one who specially desires to inform himself about Anglo-Saxon laws, genuine or otherwise, or medieval Latin verse, will certainly seek his information in other quarters; and any one who takes matters of scholarship on trust from a work of purely archaeological purpose will have only his own indolence or want of discernment to thank for it if he is misled. We shall not therefore pursue any critical verification of the notes and

references, much less endeavour to apportion the burden of that which may be amiss between the author, the translator, and the printers.

The Baron de Baye deals with arms first. He allows himself to be led astray, in our opinion, by the undoubted fact that the Roman auxiliary horsemen used longer swords than the Roman infantry. From this he infers that the Anglo-Saxon sword, which no doubt was longer than the Roman legionary's, was essentially a cavalry weapon. We cannot see the consequence. All barbarians, so far as we know, had longer swords than the Romans, and used them with much less skill and effect. Agricola's engagement with the Britons of the north, as related by Tacitus, is a good example. The Celtic swordsmen certainly fought on foot, and, though Tacitus also tells us that the sword was not much in favour with the Germans, we do not know that it was not used by them on foot when it was used at all. Two good specimens of decorated sword-hilts are figured by the Baron de Baye, one from Combe in Kent, the other from Reading.

An interesting chapter is given to Anglo-Saxon fibulæ. We cannot always agree with the author's interpretation of the decorative designs. What he calls "the T as a decorative motive" is probably capable of being explained in several ways almost equally plausible. But not much light can be thrown on it by an obvious M (for Mercia) which occurs on a coin of King Offa, and which we are expected to take for "a rudimentary representation of the human face," or, according to a suggestion of the translator's, for Thor's hammer. The so-called cruciform fibulæ are in truth shaped singularly like the later medieval cross-bow; we need hardly add that the resemblance must be set down to pure accident. In another type of fibula we have a rudely figured bird gradually passing into conventional forms. Transitions of this kind, starting from Roman work, are well known in British coins, and may be traced in the exquisite arabesques of the Book of Kells in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. We should not like to say that the "cruciform" fibulæ may not stand for a highly conventionalized human figure, but we fail to see any clear evidence of it. Some of the "saucer-shaped" fibulæ, on the other hand, have a rude but unmistakable human face in the centre. These, and still more the circular fibulæ found in Kent, are a curious link between Germanic and Celtic decorative art. Almost the same patterns occur on the Highland targets figured in Drummond and Anderson's *Ancient Scottish Weapons*; these are of course of much later date, but probably repeat patterns handed down from generation to generation. Our author observes that the Kentish fibulæ "are a standing proof of the falsity of the theory taught in English schools that there was no Anglo-Saxon civilization." We do not know to what English schools he refers. As regards any time within the last twenty years we should divide English schools into those where English history is not seriously taught at all (which doubtless are still not a few) and those where the importance and independence of Anglo-Saxon civilization are, if anything, exaggerated.

One plate gives specimens of metal objects peculiar to East Anglia which are called châtelines or girdle-hangers for want of a better name. They seem to have carried a purse or pouch. Certain small buckets garnished with metal hoops, and evidently meant to be ornamental, have been variously supposed by antiquaries to have been made for holding soup, porridge, wine or beer, and holy water. Equally unknown is the use of the Anglo-Saxon glass vases. "They show wonderful progress in the direction of delicate workmanship," but any continuous tradition from the time of the Roman occupation of Britain is out of the question, as Bede expressly tells us that the art of glass-making was imported or re-imported from the Continent late in the seventh century. Then we have specimens of pottery, which perhaps will not suggest to the moderately curious reader any more profound reflection than that all archaic pots of all materials are much alike in their scheme of decoration. More or less symmetrical dents and scratches, made with the finger-end or a pointed stick on clay, or with some kind of cutting tool on brass, are the workman's obvious resource.

A full-sized quarto cannot well be called a handy book without abuse of language; but this at all events is a manageable book as illustrated books of archaeology go.

TWO ESSAYISTS.*

WE have before us two volumes of essays on poetry, and the author of neither is a nobody. We will begin with the

* *Under the Evening Lamp.* By Richard Henry Stoddard. London: Gay & Bird. 1893.

The Sonnet in England, and other Essays. By J. Ashcroft Noble. London: Mathews & Lane. 1893.

* *The Industrial Arts of the Anglo-Saxons.* By the Baron J. de Baye. Translated by T. B. Harbottle. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1893.

book that reaches us from the other side of the Atlantic. Americans constantly complain that we do not take their work in this class seriously enough, that we are indifferent to its merits and pretensions. If there be any truth at all in such an accusation, we are inclined to think that such a book as Mr. Stoddard's might very well be taken as the explaining or justifying instance. Here is a man of very considerable accomplishment, who has been writing about poetry and the poets for more than forty years, who is listened to with respect in his own country, who is named as one of the leading critics of America. He presents us with a collection of essays, the manner of presentment of which does not allow us to question that he puts them forth with authority; for the reader, he says, "will find some things here, I think, which he will not readily find elsewhere, and others, I hope, which, new or old, will help him to pass a quiet hour under the lamp." We certainly turn to a work heralded in this way with no predetermination to do less than justice to its merits.

What, then, do we find it to consist of? Of fifteen short studies in pure biography, ranging from "Scotch Contemporaries of Burns," and passing through such figures as Motherwell, and Clare, and Peacock, down to the late Lord Houghton. Mr. Stoddard tells us that he has selected those poets who above all other men of their time have been "worsened by misfortune," and he speaks of them collectively as "unfortunates." This may sound rather an odd designation for Edward Fitzgerald and Lord Houghton, who, indeed, appear to have been added principally to fill out the volume, and an equally odd one for Peacock; but it fairly well describes most of the rest. It was rather an interesting idea to select for consideration those poets whose lamps were early blown out in the race for fame, those who struggled and were worsened and fell betimes. It would be quite worthy of an intelligent critic to examine in how far the existing work of such men shows the result of an unequal battle with fortune, what traces of either hysterical eagerness or of ardour damped and dulled the fragments of their literary remains display, to what degree they rose above and to what were crushed beneath the extraneous accident of their ill fortune. But this would take time and trouble, this would presuppose an audience capable of appreciating that expenditure of trouble and time. We may be wrong, but we have the impression that America does not offer these particular incentives to care and thoroughness.

What Mr. Stoddard has done is to draw what he frankly calls "outlines of biography." In other words, he tells over again, in language that is accurate and sometimes picturesque, the stories of the life of Motherwell, and Darley, and the rest, with the dates of their principal adventures and of their best known publications. Whether this was worth doing or not must depend almost entirely on the previous knowledge possessed by the reader and on his neighbourhood to competent libraries. We suppose that there must be a great many people in America, as, indeed, there are in England, to whom the incidents of the careers of, let us say, William Motherwell, or Thomas Lovell Beddoes, are not at all known. If these people have the latest editions of these poets within their reach they will find, by referring to the biographical introductions to those editions, all the information that Mr. Stoddard is able to give them. But the works of Beddoes and of Motherwell are not in everybody's hands, and to sit and read about the poets in this easy way may have its advantages. But when it comes to writing thus about Blake and Peacock, the gain is surely likely to be much less. For, be it understood, Mr. Stoddard propounds no theory, subjects his personages to no analysis, proceeds, in short, with a complete resignation of the critical apparatus. He tells the old story simply and unimpressively.

In saying all this, we do not wish to underrate the merits of Mr. Stoddard's volume as a companion for the evening hour under the lamp. He seems to be very careful in his arrangement of facts, he writes without exaggeration or patronage of these "unfortunates," and, in a certain mild way, the reader may be reminded (alas! at what a distance) of Théophile Gautier's *Les Grotesques*. With George Darley Mr. Stoddard seems to have more than usual sympathy, and he seems also to have had access to Mr. Livingstone's privately-printed memorial volume, although he does not make any reference to it. Interesting, too, is the chapter on John Clare, once so ridiculously famous, and now, with equal injustice, so entirely forgotten. It is rather absurd, however, of Mr. Stoddard to record with sarcastic iteration that every time Clare, in the first days of his notoriety, visited his noble patrons, he "dined with the servants." With whom should he have dined, for his own comfort? He was a labourer, fresh from the plough, and to have introduced him abruptly to the dinner-tables of the Dukes of Bedford and Devonshire would have been to make him thoroughly miserable. The thoughtful and lifelong

generosity of the Fitzwilliams to their rustic poet is no subject for a sneer.

Mr. Noble's little volume cannot be charged with shirking the responsibilities of criticism. It is well written, and its arguments are well thought out, and yet even here we are not fully pleased. We fail to understand why Mr. Noble, having attempted to do so much, should be content to have accomplished so little. The contents of his book are desultory to the last degree. Nearly one-third of it is occupied by the essay called "The Sonnet in England," and it is natural to examine this first, and most carefully. Mr. Noble has thought and read much about the sonnet; unless our memory is at fault, he has cultivated it himself with some success. A little book from his hand dealing entirely with this subject would have been received with interest and respect. But what he has actually given us is too long for a sketch, and yet too hasty for a monograph. It is, in fact, a review of a book published nearly fourteen years ago, the late Mr. Main's *Treasury of English Sonnets*, a work which was at the time a useful, although an extremely uncritical, compendium or storehouse of sonnets. When Mr. Noble, in 1880, reviewed Main's collection, it formed a convenient peg on which to hang what he had to say; but the book had no authority, and now, being almost forgotten, seems grotesquely inadequate to the prominent office which it holds in Mr. Noble's criticism. The occasional character of this reprinted essay peeps out here and there in an irritating way; we need only point to the arrangement of contemporary names on pp. 55-57.

The rest of Mr. Noble's volume is occupied by five short essays, the best of which undoubtedly is that on Leigh Hunt, which gives us a higher impression of Mr. Noble's powers than anything else that we have seen. It is scrupulously just to Hunt's peculiar qualities, and perhaps pardonably blind to some of his defects. It defends him warmly and chivalrously against the charges of ingratitude to Byron, to Shelley, to Keats, which have been started in all sorts of quarters within the last few years. We agree with Mr. Noble that a more extraordinary question has rarely been put than by Mr. Hall Caine when he scornfully asks what Leigh Hunt did for Keats. There was, in fact, nothing that his limited means permitted him to do that Leigh Hunt did not carry out for Keats, whether as regards his physical comfort before his death, or as regards his subsequent reputation. The immortal stanza in *Adonais*, written by one who thoroughly knew the man and the circumstances, ought to be enough to protect Leigh Hunt from being misunderstood in this peculiarly distressing way. We are afraid that we must confess that we should have liked more criticism and less biography. Mr. Noble seems never to give himself space for what he wants to say; but the last five pages of this essay, so far as they go, form a very just and valuable tribute to the characteristics of an amiable writer.

To pass on to the remaining essays, "A Pre-Raphaelite Magazine" is an elaborate review or analysis of *The Germ*, the little periodical of which four numbers only were published in 1849-50. This is an excellent piece of work in its way—clear, temperate, and complete—and should be of service to any historian of modern verse. The essay called "The Poetry of Common Sense" is an attempt to define the essential poetic quality in work where the romantic tendency is entirely absent. On this subject Mr. Noble has various effective things to say, but seems to have scarcely room to say them in. His comparisons of Pope with Browning are distinctly interesting, and we close this essay with regret that the ingenious author should not have pressed his inquiries further. An investigation of this kind is scarcely valuable, in a broad sense, unless Dryden as well as Pope is taken into consideration. We come next to a paper on "Robert Buchanan as Poet," which, again, seems little more than a review; and if Mr. Noble really believes that the stanza—

He can see the white hair snowing down through the glare,
The white face upraised to the skies.
Then the cruel red blaze blots the thing from his gaze,
And he falls on his face—and dies—

might be taken for "a genuine antique," his ideas about ballads and ours must differ. The volume closes with "Hawker of Morwenstow," a very pleasant review of the two biographies of that Cornish worthy.

On the whole, Mr. Noble's volume leaves us with the impression of considerable powers inadequately exercised. He has sense, talent, and knowledge, and our hope is that we may see these qualities exercised in a form that shall be more useful, more coherent, and more considerable in bulk and scale.

SOME NOTES OF THE PAST.*

AS politician, diplomatist, and man of society, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff must have accumulated a vast store of reminiscences, and probably he is holding them in reserve for an exhaustive autobiography. These "notes of the past" are slight in the extreme; but, nevertheless, they are interesting. That they have scarcely been retouched is very evident; for, when mentioning a meeting with Mr. Wynn at Saarbrück, he expresses the hope that Mr. Wynn may publish his campaigning recollections—a hope which was realized some twenty years ago. Sir Henry's own reminiscences have reference chiefly to the Franco-German war, when he went touring on the track of the contending forces. From personal observation of the ground and the scenes at the time, we can absolutely confirm his accuracy. He talks of the strong sympathy of the neutral frontier districts with France. We remember, when staying at an hotel full of press Correspondents at Luxemburg, immediately after the battles of Wörth and Spichenen, how we were passed into Thionville with safe conduct by the friendly Luxemburgers. Had we ventured thither alone, as unofficially accredited from England, we should have probably been imprisoned and possibly court-martialled. Sir Henry and his friends travelled with passports, but without military permits. Their best passport everywhere, through the German lines and troops, was the liberality with which they distributed cigars. We remember well how even dignified commissioned officers were seldom proof against these soothing seductions, and as for the ordinary sentry on duty, he would have almost sold the Fatherland for a comfortable smoke. When the sick and wounded rejected the commissariat rations, they still found consolation in the cheapest of home-grown tobacco. Everywhere the unfortunate French prisoners of the rank and file were profoundly impressed with the "treachery" which had betrayed them, as the officers were humiliated and dismayed at having been thoroughly outgeneralled—which all goes to show that French success in a great war depends greatly on the genius which gives a triumphant initiative. And there was matter enough for the mocking satire of men broken loose from discipline in the *Maison Militaire* of the defeated Emperor which M. Zola ridicules in his *Débâcle*. Sir Henry saw it on the Belgian frontier, with its train of cumbrous *fourgons* and *chairs-à-banc*, and the magnificent horses, 16 hands high, mounted by servants in gorgeous liveries. The captives of the Court sat down to a sumptuous dinner, though doubtless the Emperor had little appetite for it. Yet among the soldiers who had been handed over at the surrender of Sedan, the travellers spoke to a man who declared that for three days before he had eaten but a single biscuit. No wonder there were mutiny and anarchy in the ranks when those who had borne all the burden and heat of the day were tantalized by contrasts so irritating.

We should have said that Sir Henry rather exaggerates the damage done to Strasburg during the siege. There, as at Toul and elsewhere, it was very noteworthy that many of the citizens had got so habituated to the cannonade as to be rather desirous than otherwise for the continuance of the defence. Instead of putting pressure on the garrison, their patriotism would have overridden military considerations and scientific calculations. The siege lasted for six weeks, and was pregnant with useful lessons to students of war. Yet Sir Henry mentions, as a proof of the forethought and energy of our War Office, that no officer was sent officially to watch the operations until after the fall of the place. Then, indeed, it despatched Captain Hozier, which was a candid avowal of its unpardonable neglect. We have alluded to the resolution of the beleaguered citizens, and it was surpassed by the serene courage of the clergy. The two services in the Cathedral were never suspended, although, as we had seen from behind the batteries to the eastward, the spires through the long light of the summer day were enveloped in showers of falling shells. Sir Drummond has much to say of the French unreadiness in many essential respects for the war, which must have been expected, even if it was not provoked. No precautions were taken to guard the wooded passes of the Vosges, which a handful of troops, or even a few corps of *francs-tireurs*, might have held against an army; and at Toul, the commanding heights of St. Michel had been left unfortified, though, even before the modern development of rifled artillery, it was notoriously the feeble point of the defence. One thing he mentions with regard to the surrender of Metz which we never happened to hear suggested—that Bourbaki and the mysterious M. Regnier were identical. Certainly the chief of Bazaine's staff in his recent

volume gave us no reason to suppose it a fact within his knowledge. But we presume we may rely on the statement on the following page, as to which Sir Henry may be assumed to speak with authority. He says that "Lord Clarendon six months before his death was acquainted with the project of placing the Prince of Hohenzollern on the throne of Spain." His influence was sufficient to obtain the renunciation of the project, which was renewed after the determination plainly manifested by the British Government of reducing their armaments at any risk. In the chapter entitled "Unwritten History" there are some curious facts as to the escape of Prince Louis Napoleon from Ham, which are generally confirmed by passages from Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs. The Prince told a visitor that everything was prepared for his escape, and that all that was wanting was 300,000 francs to compensate those who might be dismissed for favouring the evasion. The visitor mentioned the circumstance to Tom Duncombe, who informed the wealthy and eccentric Duke of Brunswick. The Duke found the money; Duncombe found a messenger; and not many days after the messenger's return from his mission, Prince Louis walked into his rooms in Conduit Street when he was seated at breakfast.

HOSKINS ON THINGS.*

MOST persons must, at one time or another, have conceived the design of writing that "Treatise on Things in General" to which Carlyle and other authors have occasionally referred. It has been reserved for Mr. Hoskins to carry this terrible idea into execution more completely than any other person known to us. He calls it a Diary, which seems to refer rather to the manner of its production than to the nature of its contents, and he wrote it from day to day during four months of the winter of 1891-2. The result is 659 enormous pages of "human document." It may be wholesome—nay, it is wholesome compared, for instance, to the posthumous papers of Mlle. Bashkirtseff—but if we had to read it all, or to read any considerable part of it straight through, it would be very far from good.

It pleases the author to describe himself sometimes as "Mr. P." and sometimes as "Alphus," these being among the nicknames wherewith he has been dowered by his affectionate family. Here and there it contains a good deal of strictly private information about Mr. Hoskins and his relations and friends; but the bulk of it deals with things in general. On this subject Mr. Hoskins has read widely, and many of his observations and reflections indicate considerable ability and originality of mind. But much of it is technical in tone. Seeing, as soon as the book came into our hands, that it could not be—as it has not been—read all through, we proceeded to open it at a venture three times to see what came uppermost. Here are the results:—

'The sub-meningeal regions of the small cells being natural spheres for the diffusion of special and general sensations, and the deep zones being centres for the preparation and emission of motor stimuli, morphological and physiological analogies may be deemed to harmoniously correspond' (p. 225).

That was the first *Sors Alphiana*, and the second, at p. 433, happens to be rather like it:—

'From the consensus of countless lives of physiological units, or cells, there springs the general vitality, whose unity appears as the harmonious resultant; and in proportion as our progressing soul ascends the scale of organisms, being clothed in one vesture after another, accreting to itself bodies terrestrial, and frames adapted to more transparent celestial environments, it tends more and more towards perfection, until, in the extremely distant future, it imperceptibly arrives at the stage, when it at last ranks with the Elohim, the Captains of Salvation, the sons and daughters of God!'

The third random stab of the paper-cutter disclosed, on p. 537, a passage which is, in some respects, still more pleasant than its predecessors:—

'By means of biological treatises, by brown bread, and by not indeed total abstinence from, but by strictly moderate enjoyment of meat, tea, alcoholic liquor, and so forth, we may, for ever, arrest the creation of that gloomy imagery which deludes the senses, warps the judgment, sears the conscience, benumbs the moral sense, and so paralyses the will, that the volitional element which ought to be the culminating blossom of evolution, is rendered a helpless prey of ghastly and ghostly unreal mockeries, in the toils of which the lunatic is miserably ensnared!'

The Diary is not entirely of this speculative cast. We learn

* *Some Notes of the Past, 1870-1891.* By the Right Hon. Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, G.C.B. London: John Murray. 1893.

* *Mr. P.'s Diary: Facts, Ideas, Suggestions, Reflections, and Confessions.* By James Thornton Hoskins, M.A., F.R.S.L. First Series. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1893.

from it that Mr. P. spent the winter last year at Biarritz, and occasionally caught cold. He is forty-seven years old, and was born at Liverpool. His mother was "a truly loveable lady," and his wife "a charming lady." He was at Rugby and at Oriel, has lost money in betting at horse-races, and has always detested Latin and Greek and "everything ancient." It will have been seen that his detestation of Latin and Greek has not prevented him from making free use of English words owing their existence to those ancient languages. He admires the United States, which he calls oddly enough "the Premier State," and thinks we should occasionally "fill" our "thoughts with enthusiastic admiration of the sayings and doings of the morally and intellectually ennobled inhabitants" thereof. He also very much admires Napoleon Bonaparte and Mr. Channing, a Radical member of Parliament; and "Sir Vernon Harcourt is my beau idéal of a British statesman, partly for his illustrious lineage, and partly for the reason that he is disliked by the drawing-rooms."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE *Souvenirs* of the author of *La démocratie en Amérique* (1), which his great-nephew publishes in connexion with a few recently-discovered fragments dealing with the same period, concern the author's experiences in the Revolution of February, in the Parliamentary and other troubles of the Second Republic, and for a short time as Minister of Foreign Affairs under the Presidency of Louis Napoleon. The notes seem to have originally been written more as notes than with a view to consecutive publication; and while they are here and there fragmentary, they have very little literary colouring. Perhaps the pictures of the actual February overturn and of the desperate fighting four months later are not less effective for this to those who take even more interest in studies than in finished pictures. Others may find the book more appetizing from a different point of view. It abounds in what Count de Tocqueville, with excusable piety, calls "masterly portraits" of contemporaries. Without denying considerable strength of line to these portraits, a more impartial critic might perhaps call them "Depreciations in Black and Yellow." Nothing is rarer than for Tocqueville to have a good word for anybody, from Blanqui to Falloux, from Louis Philippe to Ledru Rollin. On Lamartine, in particular, he is—we can hardly say unjust, but—almost savagely severe, considering that he himself, though he did nothing to promote, did nothing to arrest, the Revolution, and avowedly took part with and office under it when it was accomplished. Indeed, we do not know that the estimate of Tocqueville's political competence which some have formed already will be heightened by this book. He was undoubtedly a very keen observer, and had few illusions. But when he himself limits his political ideals to the promotion of *la liberté et la dignité humaine*, one is tempted to think of certain severe eardrums also to be found in the book on the fondness of Frenchmen for "phrases creuses," for "mots sonores mais vides de sens," and the like. In short, for all his talent—and this book is full of evidences of it—we are by no means sure that the great Alexis was not in his own way struck with that paralysis of political will and intelligence which has afflicted all French statesmen, except a few monomaniacs, for the last eighty years.

M. Edmond de Goncourt (2), prevented by the superfluity of naughtiness of wicked critics, as he explained in the last volume of his *Memoirs*, from giving us any more reminiscences during his lifetime, has fallen back upon his beloved eighteenth-century actresses—soft pillows enough. His present subject—Marie Madeleine Guimard—is not the least famous and not the least characteristic figure of a time when diplomatic and military as well as police agencies were set at work to prevent a favourite dancer from running away to London. She was not beautiful, but exquisitely charming; she obtained by the exercise of her various professions enormous sums of money, and spent them partly in real benevolence, and partly on the costliest extravagances, including two private theatres, gorgeously mounted. She practised the light fantastic toe with unexampled and unimpaired elegance till she was nearly fifty, and then, just on the eve of the Revolution, she suddenly "ranged herself," married a man fifteen years her junior, and seems to have lived with him, charming and charmed, an amiable and exemplary old lady, till she died at over seventy. Putting the rules of severe morality aside, there appear to have been only two faults in the Guimard. The first was that she was maddeningly capricious and rebellious as an *artiste*, and

drove directors, ministers, and such cattle nearly mad. The second and much uglier one was that, in common with persons who ought to have known much better, she took delight in playing, and having played on her private stages, dirty little plays, offensive, not merely to the prudish frump Morality, but to that by no means prudish and all-hallowing good angel Taste.

The "Bibliothèque d'histoire illustrée" is a popular collection intended, as similar collections have been with us, to combine sound, if not elaborate, letterpress with plenty of interesting illustrations—portraits, buildings, and what not. The general editors have been lucky in getting M. Perrens to do their Florentine volume (3). His competence is such as it would be almost impertinent to endorse; and though he generalizes a little fluently, his knowledge of detail is great enough to justify him. We note that M. Lecoy de la Marche is going to handle "France under St. Louis" for the series, and here also the right man will be in the right place.

M. Filon's *Le chemin qui monte* (4) (an allegorical title) is a study of provincial life, not in all respects novel in plan, but firm and skilful in handling. The hero has been adopted (or rather not adopted, the provisions of French law in that respect being peculiar) by a rich *bourgeois* who despairs of having a son of his own. Such a son is, under circumstances explained later, provided, but he retains his favourite with him, neglecting, however, to make even such testamentary provision for him as the law allows. The poetical justice by which M. Filon makes it up to his hero for the rather severe succession of blows from man and woman which falls upon him may be left to the reader to find out.

M. Elie Jacquemin's *Le gros chat gris* (5) is a collection of short stories or studies in the modern style, written evidently with a great deal of care, and by no means without a certain amount of success.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IF not constructed with craftsmanship, *A Moral Dilemma*, by Annie Thompson (Longmans & Co.), is a novel of some cleverness. Learned casuists may easily differ as to the points of the dilemma on which the interest of the story centres, and as to the course pursued by the hero, who has to choose between wrecking the happiness of the woman he loves and proving faithless to the last dying injunction of a friend. But there is no doubt about the skill shown in dealing with the situation and in presenting its difficulties. The problem is suggestive of many solutions. It is eventually solved—some may think it is not solved at all—in an altogether unexpected fashion. But of that we will say nothing, for *A Moral Dilemma* is one of the stories that should not be "given away" by reviewers.

The Chosen Valley, by Mary Hallock Foote (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.), is a powerful story of the rivalry of two promoters of irrigation schemes in some desert district of the Far West—Idaho, it seems—one of whom is an engineer who had gained high repute in India, the other a company-promoter and clever speculator. The engineer is a man of imagination, a theorist, a proud and self-confident designer of great works, who builded as if for all time. His companion plays the part of opportunist with skill and success. Friends at first, they quarrel, and in the end the clever speculator forces the man of genius to abandon the cherished scheme of his life and take service with his company. The characters of these two men are excellently suggested. There is no real trust between them—nor could there be—and the tragedy that eventually parts them for ever is a type, as it were, of the unreal union necessity had brought about, and of the flimsy compromise of their diverse aims. Involved in their rivalries is a love-episode, a kind of romantic idyl, of which the son of the speculator is the Romeo and the daughter of the engineer the Juliet. The story of their love is charmingly told, and serves to heighten the pathetic close of a strikingly picturesque and stirring narrative.

From Connemara to the Gironde is the somewhat considerable change of scene presented to readers of that amusing descriptive tour *Through Connemara in a Governess Cart* who take up *In the Vine Country*, by E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross (Allen & Co.) But there is no change in the spirit of the adventure. The natives and customs of the Médoc are set forth with the diverting skill and pleasing humour that charmed us in the Irish book, and the illustrations of one of the writers are as spirited as of old.

To the "Oval" series of Handbooks of Games, edited by Mr.

(3) *La civilisation florentine*. Par F. T. Perrens. Paris: Ancienne Maison Quantin.

(4) *Le chemin qui monte*. Par A. Filon. Paris: F. Fache.

(5) *Le gros chat gris*. Par Elie Jacquemin. Paris: Lemercier.

(1) *Souvenirs d'Alexis de Tocqueville*. Publiés par le Comte de Tocqueville. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *La Guimard*. Par Edmond de Goncourt. Paris: Charpentier.

C. W. Alcock, a capital manual on *Golfing* (Routledge) is contributed by Mr. Horace Hutchinson, who treats of golf and golfers as only the expert authority may, and from all points of view. In the "All England" series, published by Messrs. Bell & Sons, we have another handbook of athletics—*Indian Clubs*, by C. T. B. Cobbett and A. F. Jenkin—which is also thorough as to instruction and admirably lucid in exposition. The complicated exercises are very clearly described and illustrated by many good woodcuts.

Mrs. Bowdich's *New Vegetarian Dishes*, with a preface by Ernest Bell, M.A. (Bell & Sons), is put forth for the encouragement of the vegetarian who is not, as many vegetarians are, of a frugal mind towards menus, but is possessed of a well-developed æsthetic sense. This little book is a satisfying demonstration of the almost infinite resources of the good vegetarian cook. It gives more than two hundred new recipes for soups, stews, savouries—these are full of marvels and delights, from "Surprise Balls" to "Savoury Sausages"—curries, soufflés, puddings, salads, and so forth.

For the happy tourist on board the Orient Co.'s ss. *Chimborazo* on the 25th inst., there is issued a descriptive *Pleasure Cruise to the Mediterranean*, dealing with all the historic coasts visited, illustrated with woodcuts, and an excellent map of the course of the vessel, both on her outward trip and her homeward.

The fifty-fifth issue of *Burke's Peerage &c.* (Harrison & Sons) is as complete a record and as full of information as ever. The distinctive features of this valuable work, such as the admirable summaries of history, the exact rules for precedence, and the full statements of genealogy, command the approbation of all who consult it.

The Statesman's Year-Book for 1893 (Macmillan & Co.), edited by Mr. J. Scott Keltie, is the thirtieth volume of a handbook that has from the first taken a foremost place among books of reference. It gives in the clearest form accurate statistics of administration, commerce, finance, productions, armaments, population, area, &c., concerning all the countries of the world, from the great States to the smallest colony or dependency. Year by year, as comparison of the present with past volumes shows, this excellent work supplies a compact and efficient chronicle of the growth of new lands and the extension of old empires. A good map of Central and Southern Africa, showing present treaty boundaries, and another of the Pamirs, are interesting and useful additions to the new volume.

Various eminent writers contribute to *The Year-Book of Science* (Cassell & Co.), of which Professor Bonney is editor. Much labour is involved in these useful summaries of the year's science, and no little skill is exhibited by Messrs. Harold Picton and C. F. Baker, who deal with "Organic Chemistry"; by Mr. H. H. Hoffer, "Electricity"; Messrs. Lydekker, Gregory, Seeley, and others, "Geology and Mineralogy"; and Messrs. Helmaly, Masee, Dr. Sherrington, and other writers, on "Botany and Biology."

Other reference annuals of importance we have in *The India Office List* (Harrison & Sons); *The Clergy Directory and Parish Guide* (Phillips), with full Directory, lists of Church Societies, Chaplains, American Bishops, Patrons, &c.; and *The School Calendar* (Whittaker & Co.), edited by Mr. F. Storr, a complete guide to information relating to University and other scholarships and examinations, with particulars of scholarships of Science and Technical Colleges.

Mr. Andrew Lang, in the new volumes of the "Border" *Waverley—Old Mortality* (Nimmo)—examines at some length and in a judicial spirit Dr. McCrie's criticisms of Scott's views on the Covenant and his dramatic representation of the Covenanters. The best of the illustrations are those drawn by the etchers, such as Mr. Cameron's "Tillietudlem"—somewhat lacking in aerial quality, however—and Mr. Hartley's picture of the fight between Burley and Bothwell, though we cannot apply to it the favourite criticism of the Duke of Wellington—"Good! not too much smoke." There is far too much smoke also in Mr. Bough's "Bothwell Bridge." The first of Miss M. L. Gow's drawings—"Morton awaiting Death"—is well designed, and has the romantic spirit which is somehow missed by the modern artist.

In the "Dryburgh" edition the "Tales of my Landlord" open with *The Black Dwarf* and *A Legend of Montrose* (A. & C. Black), the first story illustrated by Mr. Walter Paget, the second by Mr. Lockhart Bogle, some of whose drawings are spirited.

Among new editions we note the Second Book of Florio's *Montaigne's Essays*, with an Introduction by George Saintsbury (Nutt), being the second volume of the "Tudor Translations"; the "Exmoor" edition of *Lorna Doone*, in three volumes (Sampson Low & Co.), an attractive reprint, with a preface, in

which Mr. Blackmore points the moral of his famous romance appearing in this "novel" form; *American Notes and Pictures from Italy* (Macmillan & Co.), reprinted from the first editions, with the illustrations and introduction by Charles Dickens the younger; *Selections from Walter Savage Landor*, edited by Sidney Colvin (Macmillan & Co.); Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon*, with an Introduction—very well done—by F. T. Marzials (Scott), and the admirable *Chronicles of Budgetpore*, by Iltudus Pritchard, F.S.S. (Allen & Co.)

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